

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

THE REV. SAMUEL SOBIESKI NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

FEW men in Canada, if any, have exerted as great and beneficent influence on the higher education of the country as the Rev. Dr. Nelles. For over thirty years he has been the head of one of the most important educational institutions of this Province. It is a circumstance, we think, almost unique, that so young a man should be appointed to so important a charge. But he did not disappoint the high anticipations formed. Under his administration Victoria College has developed from a young and feeble institution, struggling with the difficulties incident to its establishment, to be one of the best equipped and efficient universities of the Dominion. He found it—says a biographical sketch in the *Canada School Journal*, which we largely adopt in this article—with a small staff of teachers, a limited attendance of students, and defective educational appliances, and greatly hampered in its operations for want of adequate financial support. As the result to a very great extent of his admirable management, it has now a large and efficient staff of professors, a numerous and rapidly increasing body of students, greatly improved facilities for imparting instruction, and a large endowment fund, a considerable portion of which has been paid up. Victoria College will, as long as it endures, remain a monument of the unwearied energy, indefatigable zeal, and rare tact which he has brought to the discharge of his duties.

Dr. Nelles is a native of Ontario, his birthplace being Mount Pleasant, in the vicinity of Brantford. He was born in 1823, and resided in the same neighbourhood till he was sixteen,

receiving such an education as a rural district at that time afforded. In 1839 he went to Lewiston Academy, in New York, where he spent a year, and he afterwards spent other two in the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Meanwhile Victoria College had been established at Cobourg, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, and Dr. Nelles became one of its two first matriculated students, spending two years in an Arts course. After attendance for some time at the University of Middletown, Connecticut, he graduated there in 1846. The next year was spent in charge of the Newburgh Academy, in the County of Lennox, and in June, 1847, he entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, his first charge being Port Hope, where he spent a year. Two years in Toronto and three months in London completed the period of his ministerial labours, and in September, 1850, he was called by the Conference to take charge of Victoria College, the collegiate institution of his Church.

The institution now known as Victoria University really dates back as far as 1836, in which year it was formally opened as an academy. The agitation which led to its establishment was begun in 1828, but some years were spent in raising the necessary funds with which to undertake the work. The amount collected up to 1832, when the buildings were commenced, was less than \$30,000, and Cobourg was selected as its site on account of the liberality of its offer of assistance combined with its intrinsic advantages. It received, in 1836, a Royal Charter of incorporation, and in 1842 it obtained from the Canadian Parliament an Act authorizing it to assume and exercise university powers. The College began its work with a Faculty of Arts only, the teaching staff embracing five members. A Faculty of Medicine was added in 1854, one of Law in 1862, and one of Theology in 1872. At present there is a large resident staff in Arts and Theology, the instruction in Medicine and Law being given in affiliated institutions. Dr. Nelles has from the commencement of his connection with the College been Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, and Apologetics; and since the institution of the Faculty of Theology he has added to these subjects Homiletics. When he took charge in 1850, there were but two undergraduates in Arts, and no other Faculty in existence. Only five or six graduates had gone out from the University. And the whole number of students during that

year was about thirty in actual attendance, all of these being specialists or in preparatory department save about two. The number of undergraduates in Arts now is about 130, and is double what it was ten years since. Total number of students in all Faculties now about 300, and this includes none in preparation at Collegiate Institute.

Improvements are constantly taking place in the status of the College, the two of greatest importance during recent years being the creation of an endowment fund and the erection of a new Hall of Science in connection with the institution. The first successful attempt at forming the nucleus of an endowment was made in 1868, almost immediately after the discontinuance of the Parliamentary grant which Victoria College and other denominational institutions had been in receipt of for many years. By dint of a good deal of effort the subscriptions to the fund have reached over \$150,000, exclusive of what has been secured for the endowment of the Theological Faculty, and exclusive also of the sum expended in the erection of Faraday Hall. This beautiful temple of science is the result of special contributions, chiefly from Cobourg and its immediate vicinity, and it is safe to say that the \$30,000 expended on it could not have been put to any better use. The physical sciences have never yet been taught as they should be in any of our colleges or universities, and it must be satisfactory to the intelligent friends of Victoria that the movement in favour of more liberal culture in this direction is not to take place everywhere else before it begins to be felt in the institution for which they have already done so much. The scientific course in Faraday Hall embraces instruction in Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and Astronomy, with provision for telescopic observation.

It only remains to be added that Dr. Nelles has always been an intelligent and active promoter of the work of education outside of his own special sphere. His influence in this respect has done much to aid the work of public instruction in and around Cobourg, and not a little also in the Province at large; and his wise and liberal administration have commanded the admiration even of those unfavourable to denominational colleges.

His admirable social qualities make him a great favourite with the students and with all his friends. As a conversationalist he is brilliant, witty, and wise. At the same time, his wit is like

the lambent sheet lightning that plays at eventide among the clouds on the far horizon, illumining and beautifying; never like the forked bolt that rends and shatters—that scorches and destroys. We never knew him to fall into that vice to which men endowed with wit are so often addicted—the uttering of sarcasms that sting and wound their unfortunate victims.

Dr. Nelles was chosen a delegate to represent the Canadian Conference at the General Methodist Conference held at Philadelphia in 1864, at the New Brunswick Conference of 1866, and at the English Wesleyan Conference held at Newcastle in 1873. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of Queen's College, Kingston, in 1860. His baccalaureate sermons and public addresses on educational and other topics are models of chaste and scholarly eloquence. Of this his admirable address before the English Conference is a notable example. It is the regret of his friends that he does not more frequently employ his facile pen—which he wields with singular grace—for the delight and instruction of the large number who eagerly read whatever he does write. But the engrossing administrative duties and cares of his office as head of a leading university, doubtless prevent that literary labour that would otherwise be his delight.

The friends of Victoria University have good reason to be proud of its record. Its graduates occupy prominent positions in all the professions, and they are rallying around their *alma mater* with a determination to equip her worthily for the yearly enlarging sphere of usefulness before her. It requires only a general and concerted effort to give her such an endowment as will make her worthy of the great Church whose highest educational instrument she is.

GOD'S LOVE.

I SAY to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man whom thou dost meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he, and thou, and all men move
Under one canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above.

—Archbishop Trench.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

CAMBRIDGE—YORK—EDINBURGH—MELROSE—ABBOTSFORD—STIR-
LING—THE TROSSACHS—GLASGOW—WALES—CHESTER—"HOME
AGAIN."

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

ON my way to Scotland I stopped at Cambridge, Peterborough, and York, to see the colleges and cathedrals of those old ecclesiastical towns. The ride through the Fen Country is tame and uninteresting, save for its historic associations. Yet even this flat and amphibious region has its poetic aspects, as described for us by Milton, Tennyson, and Kingsley. It was on the first of September that I visited Cambridge, the one day of the year when the college quadrangles are closed to the public, so as to main-

tain, I was informed, the control of the grounds. But a judicious fee is an "open sesame" almost everywhere; and I was allowed to reach the *penetralia* of most of the colleges. At Christ's College, Milton "scorned delights and lived laborious days." I was shown his mulberry, from which I plucked a leaf. His own melodious lines in "Il Penseroso" etch with an artist's skill the scene and its associations:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light ;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below.

And how, like the boom of a great bell, are the lines—

I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

In traversing the fat grazing lands of Huntingdonshire, memories of Cromwell and his Ironsides would assert themselves. At St. Ives, famous in nursery rhyme, a cattle fair was in progress, and bucolic graziers, with ruddy faces, top boots, and "horsey" dress, abounded. In England you can almost always tell a man's rank by his garb. In Canada you cannot, except that the master is generally a little worse dressed than the man.

The old Cathedral of Peterborough, on the site of an abbey founded by the Mercian kings in 660, is of severe majestic simplicity. The storms of seven hundred years have stained and weathered those

Norman arches to a grim and hoary aspect, with which they frown down upon the ephemerides of to-day. Here that "most poor woman," Queen Katharine of Arragon, was buried, and for a time also, the unhappy Queen of Scots.

But of all the cathedrals of England which I saw, the most impressive is the mighty minster of York. How it symbolizes the profound instinct of worship of the human soul, its yearnings after the unseen and eternal! The sweet and solemn chanting of the choir seemed to me the litany of the ages, the



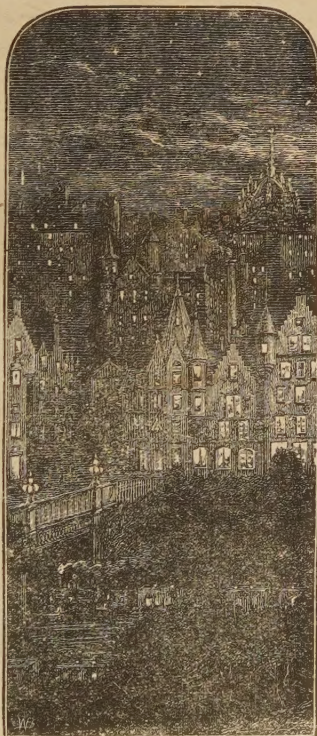
THE NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

echo of the prayers of the dead and buried generations crying out for the living God. The great east window Pugin thinks the finest in the world. The monkish rhyme at the portal, we feel is no vain boasting, "VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM, SIC EST DOMVS ISTA DOMORVM."

The ruined Abbey of St. Mary's, founded 800 years ago by William Rufus, reminds us of the cowed brotherhood whose worship or wassail once filled those shattered vaults, now open to rain and wind. The old walls, the quaint "Bars," or gates, and the stern old castle, celebrated in Scott's "*Ivanhoe*," are grim relics of the stormy feudal times. But these seem but as of yesterday compared with the older Roman ruins, dating back to the first century. Here the Emperors Severus and Constantine died; here Caracalla and Constantine were crowned, if indeed the latter was not a native of the place.

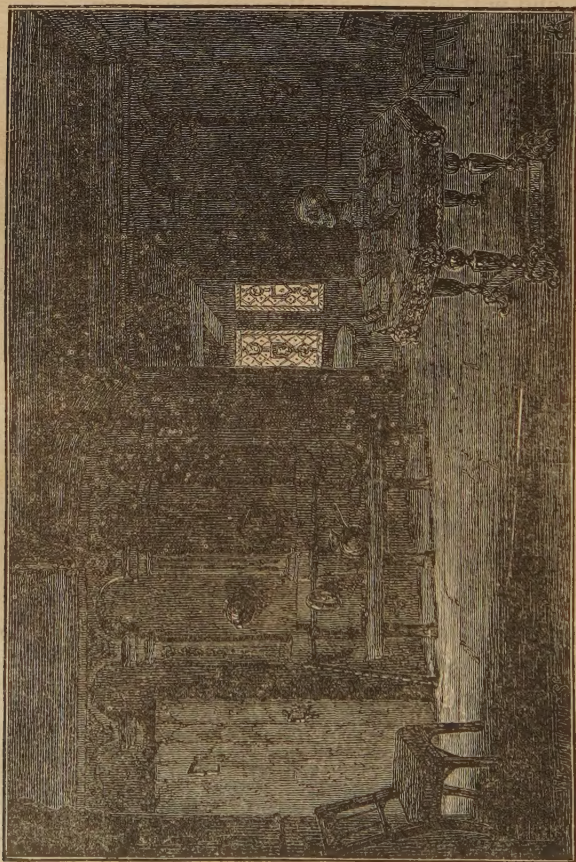
Through the bolder scenery of the North Riding, past Durham with its grand cathedral crowning a lofty slope, where, as a legend reads, "HAC SVNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA;" through Newcastle with its famous High Bridge, its grimy colliers, and its eight hundred year old castle, which gives it its name; between the far-rolling Cheviot Hills, and wild sea coast for ever lashed by the melancholy main; passing in full view of Holy Isle, the storm-swept Lindisfarne, and the grim prison of the Covenanters, Bass Rock, and near the scene of the hard-fought battles of Flodden Field, Dunbar, and Prestonpans, we glide by the grim couchant lion of Arthur's Seat into the Athens of the North, the memory-haunted city of Edinburgh.

No city in Europe occupies a grander site, and few cities in the world are invested with more heroic or romantic associations.



OLD EDINBURGH BY NIGHT.

My first visit was to the noble Scott monument, shown in the initial cut of this chapter, where I had a bird's-eye view of the scene, over which he has cast such an undying spell. Beneath the arch is a marble statue of the great enchanter, and filling the many niches are the figures which he called from the realm of fancy, and enbreathed with life for ever. The deep ravine of the North Loch, now a charming public garden, crossed by lofty



ROOM IN WHICH KNOX DIED.

traffic-crowded bridges, separates the picturesque and historic old town and the handsome new city. The lofty, narrow crow-stepped buildings of the former rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian," to walk up the Cannongate, the High Street, the Lawn

Market, between the lofty and grim-featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late;" and the old St. Giles Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelatie hireling "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway, once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart marked in the stones of the causeway.

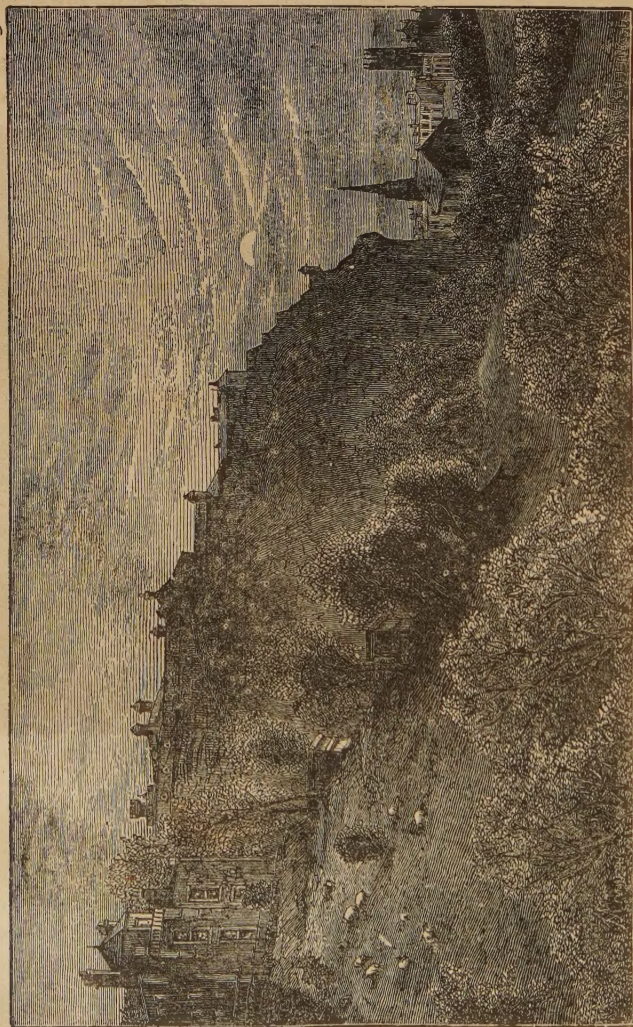
In the High Street is Knox's house, a picturesque old place with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of peculiar reverence that I stood in the room in which John Knox died, and in the little study—very



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the history of the Scottish Reformation. I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window from which he used to preach to the multitude in High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads, "LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YI. NYCHTBOVR. AS. YI. SELF." There are many such pious mottoes, as, "MY HOIP. IS. CHRYST," "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAVS. UBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS. FRVSTRA.;" "PAX. ENTRANTIBVS. SALVS. EXEVNTIBVS." A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair false Queen, whose guilty conscience

he probed to the quick, and the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit, where, says Melville, "he was sae active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and flee out of it."



THE CASTLE AND ALLAN RAMSEY'S HOUSE.

The grim old castle rises on an isolated crag, four hundred feet above the Forth—half palace and half prison—a memorial of the stormy days of feudal power. In a little chamber about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future

King of England, was born, and it was said he was let down in a basket from the window to the Grass Market, three hundred feet below. On the ceiling is a quaint black letter inscription,

Lord Jesus Christ that crowned was with thorne,
Preserbe the bairn quha heir is borne.

At the other end of the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—is the Royal Palace of Holyrood, with its memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding-stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress's skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the blood stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed, with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing-room,



HOUSE IN WHICH HUME WROTE HIS
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

and the embroidered picture of Jacob's dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The Abbey Church, now an exquisite ruin, dates from 1128, and still affords a sanctuary to insolvent debtors.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men banquetted in carved chambers, now the degraded purlieus of poverty and

crime. Some of these have still interesting historic associations, as the houses of the Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

The churchyard of old Gray Friars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone shown in the cut on page 496, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, 1638; and on Martyrs' Monument one reads, "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until Feb. 18th, 1668, there was executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, the most

of whom lie here." Nourished by such costly libations, the tree of liberty took root and flourished strong and fair. The tomb of "Bluidy Mackenzie," of sinister memory, still exerts its malign spell upon the belated urchin as he slinks past.

While visiting the antiquarian museum, I had the great and unexpected pleasure of meeting a fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, with his two charming daughters—the only persons I met that I had ever seen before in a four months' tour. I gladly accepted the cordial invitation to join his party, and we drove again to Holyrood, the Cannongate, the Cemetery in which lie the bodies of Drs. Duff, Candlish, Chalmers, Guthrie, Hugh Miller, and many other of Scotland's greatest sons; and Calton Hill, with its magnificent panorama of cliff and crag, and strath and frith, and its noble group of monuments. A grizzly blue-bonneted *cicerone* pointed out, with broad Doric comments, St. Leonard's Crag, the home of Davie Deans, the moss hag of Jennie's midnight tryst, St. Anthony's Chapel, and Arthur's Seat, like a grim couchant lion, one of the most majestic objects I ever saw.



BUCCLEUGH PLACE, WHERE THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" WAS PROJECTED.

It is a delightful excursion to Melrose and Abbotsford, through lovely scenery, over which is thrown the nameless spell,

The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The heather and the broom mingled with the gorse and gowans on the green slopes of the Tweed side, and the names of Eskdale and Gala Water, Cockpen and Eildon Hills, recall many an ancient ballad or legend.

The old Abbey, dating from 1136, is one of the finest relics of Gothic architecture extant. The image-breaking zeal of the Reformers and the cannon of Cromwell have left only a picturesque ruin. It was quite pathetic to see the roofless aisles, the broken windows, the crumbling columns, and the grass-



WHITE HORSE INN, CANNONGATE.

grown chancel where once the cowed brotherhood chanted their matins and even-song. The battered saints looked down reproachfully from their ivied niches, and the effigies of the knights seemed to keep watch over the tombs, where, through the long ages, their bodies "await the resurrection." I noticed the touching inscription, "CVM VENIT JESVS CESSABIT VMBRA,"—"When Jesus comes the shadow shall fly away." Here is the tomb of the arch-wizard, Michael Scott, whose awful apparition is recorded in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and here was buried at last the fiery heart of Bruce. I sat in Sir Walter's favourite seat and gazed where "the darkened roof rose high aloof," and on the lovely eastern oriel with its slender shafts of foliaged tracery, of which he sings,

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
 In many a freakish knot had twined;
 Then framed a spell when the work was done,
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone"

Was ever ruin so sad and fair? I lingered for hours in the legend-haunted spot, and then walked along the green Tweed side to Abbotsford, where still wields his spell a mightier wizard than even Michael Scott. It is a large and rambling house, with fantastic, yet picturesque groups of chimneys, gables, and turrets. Over the door is the pious legend,

By night, by day, Remember aye, ye goodness of ye Lord,
 And thank His name whose glorious eis spread throughout ye world.

The house is full of old armour—targes and claymores, helmets and hauberks—antique furniture and relics; the keys of the Tolbooth, Queen Mary's cross and purse, historic portraits and the like. Of especial interest was the stately library, and the small writing-room, with the books just as the master left them, and the effigy of faithful Maida. Then I stood with hushed spirit in the room in which he died, and through the open window heard the murmur of the distant Tweed, which in life he loved so well. I was ferried over the brawling stream by a stout-armed damsel with a pleasant face and strong Scottish accent, and was soon whirled by rail back to Auld Reekie again.

Next morning I left early for Glasgow by way of Stirling and the Trossachs. The royal borough of Stirling, with its famous castle, perched upon a lofty crag, is delightfully quaint and picturesque. The view from the ramparts of the lovely valley of the Forth, and the purple-vested Ben Voirlich, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and the rest of the Titan brotherhood, was unsurpassed even by that from the Calton Hill. Queen Mary's view is a small opening in the wall where the "fair mischief" watched



COLLEGE WYND, WHERE SCOTT
 WAS BORN.

the tilts and tourneys in the jousting yard below. Here is a quaint old hall, adorned with strange mythological figures, where the ancient parliament of Scotland used to meet. In a gloomy chamber of the palace James V. slew with his own hand his guest the Earl of Douglas; below is the monument of bold Wallace wight, and hard by the world-famous field of Bannockburn. But the chief spell of the scene is that cast by the filial piety of fair Ellen of the Lake. As I marched down Castle



STREET IN GLASGOW.

Hill I was preceded by a company of kilted and plaided pipers, skirling the wild music of their mountain pibroch on the air.

From Stirling the route skirts the Ochil Hills, passing Dumblane, where dwelt the "sweet Jessie" of the song, and "Bonny Doune," with its banks and braes, to Callander, where first we hear the Gaelic speech. Here we take open coaches for the ride through the Trossach pass.



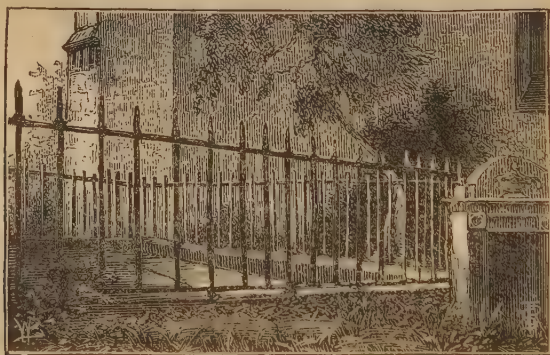
ANCHOR CLOSE.

The whole region is rife with associations of the winsome Lady of the Lake, and the scarlet-coated guard points out with effusion the scenes where took place the varied incidents of the poem. The scenery, I must confess, after the loveliness of Como and the grandeur of Lucerne, seemed bleak and tame; but the genius of the poet has invested it with an undying charm. We would hardly be surprised to hear the winding of a hunting horn and to see Fitz James and Roderick Dhu start up from the hazel thickets of the deep and tangled glen.

Reaching Loch Katrine—was ever seen "so lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"—we traverse its mountain-girdled expanse—

past fair Ellen's Isle, floating double on the wave, and the Silver Strand where she met King James ; and again take coaches, and in a pouring rain reach Inversnaid, grandly situated on the steep slopes of Loch Lomond. Here Wolfe was once quartered to repress the depredations of the wild Highland clans under Rob Roy, whose cairn and birthplace and grave are shown. The sail down this many-isled lake gives glimpses of stern Ben Lomond frowning through his misty shroud. Passing in view of the majestic Dumbarton Rock—flung by the fiends after St. Patrick, when he fled from their persecution to Ireland, says the legend—we reach the crowded port and busy mart of Glasgow.

The chief glory of Glasgow is St. Mungo's Church, dating from 1123. Its stained glass is the finest I saw in Europe. Its vast



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED.

and majestic crypts are celebrated in "Rob Roy." The Reformers were content with destroying the images, so that it is, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie expressed it, "as crouse as a cat with the flaes kaimed aff." The large church-yard is literally paved with grave stones. Among the notable names in the adjacent Necropolis, I noticed those of Motherwell, Sheridan Knowles, Alexander Smith, Dr. Eadie, Dr. Wardlaw, and the cenotaphs of Knox, and of Hamilton and Wishart, burned at St. Andrews, 1528 and 1546. The chief relics of the old city are in the Tron-gate and "Saut Market," where dwelt the honest Bailie. The region is now the purlieu of poverty and vice. Hundreds of idle men with grimy faces and greasy clothes glowered at me as I passed. A day or two later in a bread riot they rifled a baker's shop. Yet in this poorest region the gin shops abounded, and

wretched creatures—frowsy men and bareheaded, barefooted women—swarmed in and out “like bees about their straw-built citadel.”

Limits of space prevent me giving an account of my visit to Ireland, to which a few paragraphs are given in the bound volume describing at large my trip.*

I crossed from Dublin to Holyhead in one of the swift mail steamers, which are subject to a penalty of 34s. per minute if the mails are delayed. The bold Welsh coast presents a ragged front, but few lovelier views than that of Menai Straits and Bridge can meet the eye. The scenery of North Wales is bold but bare. The country is almost treeless, and is divided into small fields by stone fences. The villages are clumps of low-walled, small stone houses, and the mountains roll away in purple billows to the cloudy distance. The towers and castles, built to overawe the Welsh, are grim memorials of a bygone age. Especially fine are Conway and Denbigh Castles. Some of the mines have been worked from the times of the Romans. I saw acres of slates stacked up—enough, it seemed, to roof all the houses in the world.

The old city of Chester deserves a longer visit than I could give it. Its walls, “grey with the memories of two thousand years,” mark the camp of the Roman legions, and much of their work still remains. I walked all around the lofty ramparts. From one of the towers Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Bolton Moor. Cromwell’s cannon have left his bold sign-manual upon the walls. The new bridge across the Dee has a span of 200 feet, the widest stone arch in the world. The

* “*A Canadian in Europe;*” by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. Cr. 8vo, pp. 376, cloth extra. Hunter, Rose & Co., and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price \$1.25.

The articles of foreign travel which, during the past year, have appeared in the pages of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, have been received with such favour that the writer has been urged to reprint them in book form. He has done so with copious additions, giving a much more detailed narrative than the original articles. The book is illustrated by 109 handsome engravings, only part of which appeared in the MAGAZINE. It is got up in extra elegant style, suitable for Christmas presents, and is one of the handsomest specimens of book-making yet produced in Canada. It is dedicated to Mr. John Macdonald, Missionary Treasurer of the Methodist Church of Canada. For sale at the Methodist Book Rooms and at all book stores.

most curious feature of the city is its Rows, or double terraces of shops, the upper one fronting on a broad arcade. The old timbered houses have quaintly-carved fronts, galleries, and gables, like those in Frankfort, often with some Biblical or allegorical design. Of special interest is one which bears the legend,

God's Providence is mine Inheritance, mdcxlii,

said to be the only house which escaped the plague in that year. To reach the town house of an old Earl of Derby—a handsome place during the civil wars—I had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of a junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed me the hiding-place in the roof where the Earl lay concealed for days, till he was discovered, taken to Bolton, and executed for his fidelity to his king.

It is a ride of only sixteen miles to Liverpool, and next day I found my old quarters on the *S. S. Dominion*, en route for Canada. One of the pleasures of going abroad, to speak Hibernically, is that of coming home again; and one of its most important lessons is that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of existence than our own beloved Canada. Many of those old historic lands of Europe are charming places to visit, but they are also excellent places to leave. The struggle for a bare livelihood is more keen, the chances of success are less assured, and educational and social advantages are less easily attainable than in our own favoured land. Untrammelled by the fetters of the past, with almost boundless extent and inexhaustible resources, it offers to its sons a fairer heritage than is, I think, to be found elsewhere on earth. Land of my birth,

WHERE'ER I ROAM, WHATEVER REALMS TO SEE,
MY HEART UNTRAVELLED FONDLY TURNS TO THEE.

CONTENT can soothe, where'er by fortune placed ;
Can rear a garden in a desert waste.

—White.

ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS IN THE FAR WEST.*



PREHISTORIC RUINS, COLORADO.

IN the south-western portion of the United States Territories, beyond the Rio Grande River, is a vast plateau stretching to the base of the Sierra Nevadas. Various large streams have cut long canyons through the nearly horizontal strata, in places to a depth of six or seven thousand feet. In the greater part of this

* For the facts here given we are indebted to the *Report of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories*. By Prof. F. V. HAYDEN. Through the courtesy of Prof. Hayden we are enabled to illustrate it by engravings from his valuable Report.

region there is little moisture apart from those streams, and, as a consequence, vegetation is very sparse, and the general aspect of the country is that of a semi-desert. Yet there is abundant evidence that at one time it supported a numerous population. "There is scarcely a square mile of the 6,000 examined," writes Prof. W. H. Holmes, "that does not furnish evidence of previous occupation by a race totally distinct from the nomadic savages who now hold it, and in many ways superior to them."

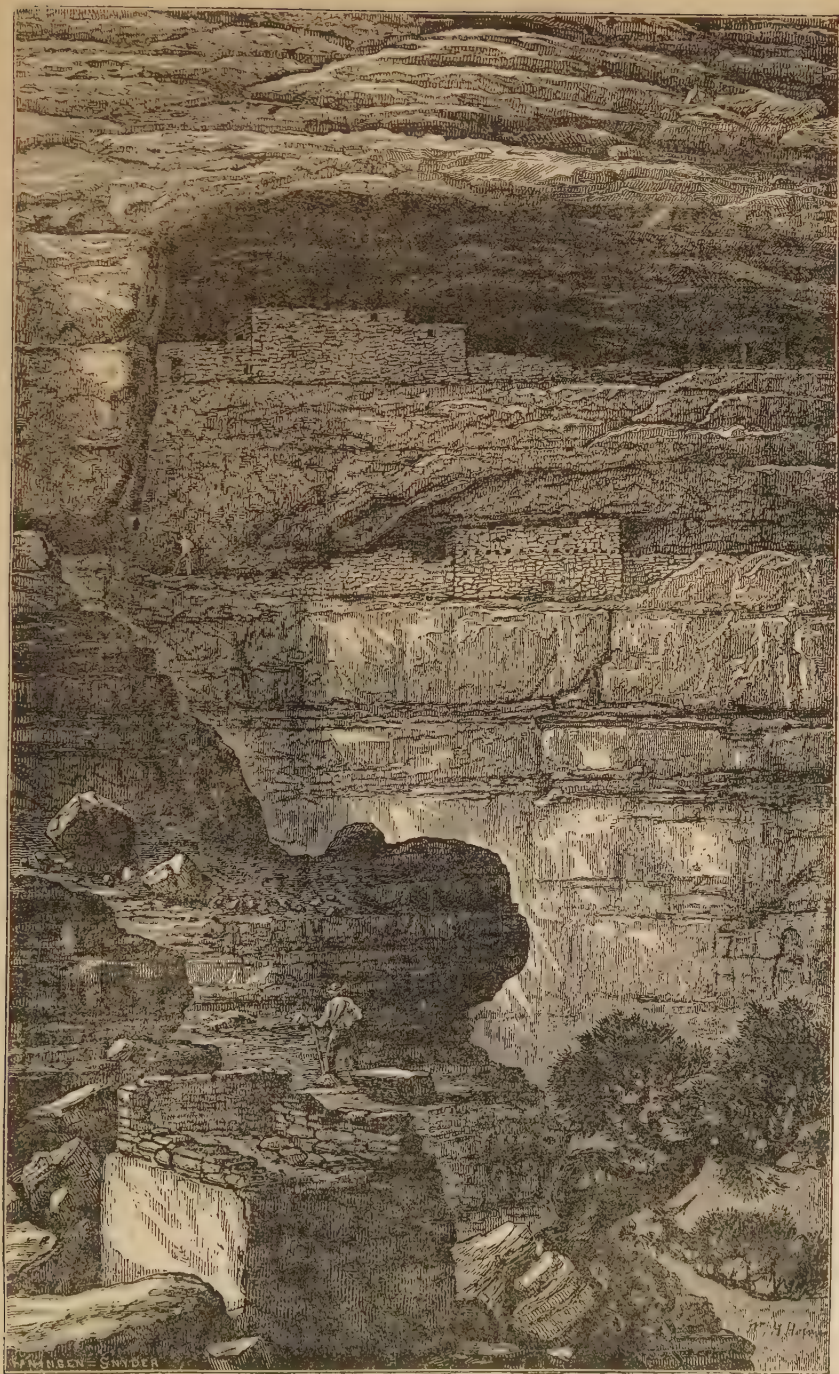
The ruins are almost exclusively stone structures. Brick or wood seldom occurs. They may be classed, as to situation, as follows: (1) Lowland or agricultural dwellings; (2) Cave dwellings; and (3) Cliff-houses or fortresses. Those of the first class are chiefly on the river-bottoms, on the fertile lands near the water, without reference to defence. The second class are excavations in the faces of the low bluff, and are chosen chiefly for concealment and security. Those of the third class are built high up in steep and inaccessible cliffs, and are evidently places of refuge and strongholds for defence. During seasons of war and invasion, families were probably sent to them for security while the warriors went forth to battle, "and one can readily imagine," says Professor Holmes, "that when the hour of total defeat had come they served as a last resort for a disheartened and desperate people."

In form the parallelogram and circle predominate, and a good deal of architectural skill is displayed. Where the conformation of the ground permits, the squares are *perfect* squares, and the circles *exact* circles. It is probable that the circular structures, many of which are quite elaborate, had a religious origin.

In some cases, as in that shown in our initial cut, the ruins give evidence of the well-built and solid walls of a fortress, which must have possessed considerable strength. Such works occur on the Rio La Plata, and were apparently part of a large and populous village.

The cave-dwellings are made by digging irregular cavities in the faces of bluffs and cliffs of friable rock, and then walling up the fronts, leaving only small doorways and an occasional small window.

The cliff-houses are of firm, neat masonry, and the manner in which they are attached or connected to the cliffs is simply marvellous. They conform in shape to the floor or roof of the niche



CLIFF DWELLINGS ON THE RIO MANCOS.

or shelf on which they are built, which has been worn away by the natural erosion of the elements. Their construction has cost a great deal of labour, the stones and mortar having been brought for hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places. In many places the larger mortar seams have been chinked with bits of pottery and sandstone. The marks of the mason's pick are as fresh as if made within a few years, and the fine, hard mud mortar, which has been applied with the bare hands, still retains impressions of the minute markings of the cuticle of the fingers.

The group shown on page 501 is of a very remarkable character. "It was first observed," says Professor Holmes, "from the trail far below, and fully one-fourth of a mile away. From this point, by the aid of a field-glass, the sketch was made. So cleverly are the houses hidden away in the dark recesses, and so very like the surrounding cliffs in colour, that I had almost completed the sketch of the upper house before the lower one was detected. They are at least eight hundred feet above the river. The lower four hundred feet is of rough broken slope, the remainder of massive bedded sandstone, full of wind-worn niches, crevices, and caves." Under a great ledge or overhanging roof, projecting thirty feet, is the "cliff-dwelling," its front wall built along the very edge of a sheer precipice. The lower house is sixty feet long and fifteen deep. The wall is fourteen feet high, and the row of small openings were for the insertion of beams to support a second floor. The interior is divided into rooms, in which are the remains of beans and corn, and the traces of fire. On the face of the smooth and almost perpendicular cliff, a sort of stairway of small niches in the rock has been cut. On reaching the top one finds himself at the very doorway seen to the left of the cut, without standing room outside the wall. An enemy would have but small chance of reaching and entering such a fortress if defended even by women and children. There is evidence that a trickling stream of water supplied the inhabitants with this vital necessity. Whether viewed from above or below, the effect is almost startling, and one feels that no ordinary circumstances could have driven a people to such a place of resort.

At Rio de Chilly a large cave town occurs in a great ledge or bench of an encircling line of cliffs. The total length of the



CLIFF DWELLING ON THE COLORADO CHIQUITO.

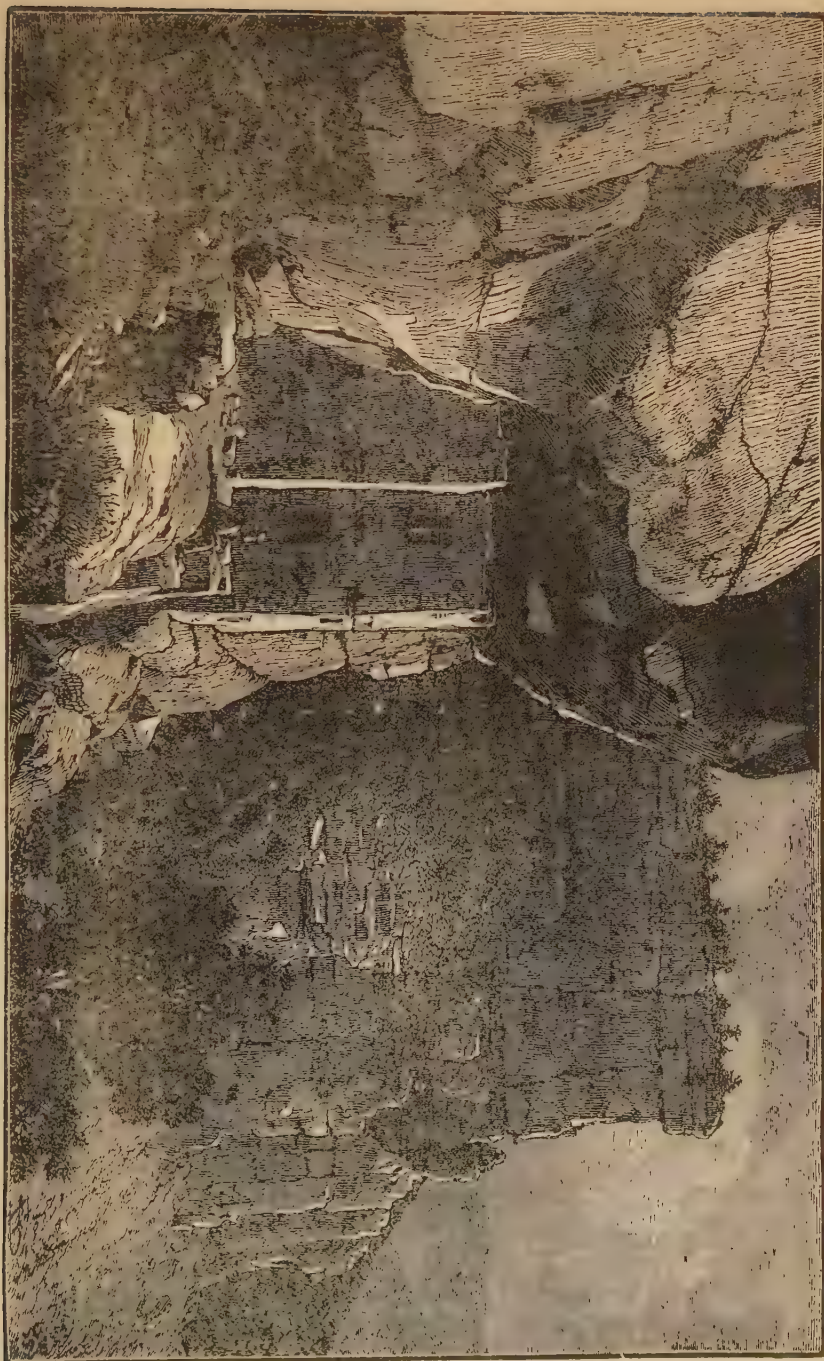
solidly-built portion is 845 feet, with a width of about 45. It contains about 75 distinct rooms, probably distinct dwellings.

On the Colorado Chiquito occurs the somewhat formidable-looking fortress shown on page 503. It is about 35 feet high, in receding stories, and about 50 feet wide. The central tower is nearly six feet square. The floor was made of logs a foot thick, partly flattened by rude cutting instruments. There were loopholes for firing arrows or other missiles, and the projecting rafters give evidence of some part now removed. The lintels were of cedar, as sound as when first placed in position. So difficult of access is this—looking more like a swallow's nest in a cliff-hole than like the abode of a human being—that our author thinks it must have been reached by a rope ladder. A similar cliff-dwelling is shown in the cut on page 505, commanding a broad outlook over valley and river far below.

Among the *debris* of the cliff-houses are large quantities of pottery—some of very elegant shape, and ornamented with very handsome designs; some will hold as much as ten gallons. The makers evidently had a considerable imitative ability and sense of grotesque humour, as many of their wares were capital representations of fowls and the like, often with a very comic look. Specimens of woven fabric and little images, probably for idolatrous use, occur. Specimens of hieroglyphic or picture-writing are also found engraved in the rock, or painted with red and white pigments. They exhibit considerable skill in grouping, and in the delineation of the figure of men, horses, deer, dogs, etc., but their hidden meaning must be left to conjecture. A number of well-shaped skulls have also been found.

The question, Who were the builders of these strange dwellings, and what was their fate? is one of great interest. In the plains of Arizona and New Mexico are numerous Pueblo villages, numbering about 7,000 inhabitants, who are considered to be the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. They dwell in large communities—from 300 to 700 souls—in one huge structure. This structure consists of a hollow square, surrounded on three sides with buildings of *adobe* or mud brick, in two or three receding stories. These Pueblo Indians exhibit about the same grade of civilization as the cliff-dwellers, and it is conjectured that the latter retired southward some time since the Spanish occupation of Central America, either on account of the hostile pressure of

CLIFF DWELLINGS ON THE COLORADO.



fiercer tribes from the north, or from the failure of the means of sustenance through the drying up of the streams. "It seems probable," remarks Professor Holmes, "that a rich reward awaits the fortunate archæologist who shall be able to thoroughly investigate the historical records that lie buried in the masses of ruins, the unexplored caves, and the still mysterious burial-places of the South-west."

THE GUIDING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"Lo, ye in Salem's streets that stand,
In outland garb antique,
Now why do ye come from your far-off land,
And what is the thing ye seek?"

"A King is born—all kings that are
The blaze of His name shall dim ;
We have followed afar His guiding star,
And are come to worship Him.

"Lone watchers of the skies of night,
And the mystic things they hide,
Lo, into our sight, serene and bright,
A strange fair star did glide ;
And over the desert harsh and wild,
And over the mountain's rim,
It shall lead us safe to the wondrous Child,
Till we kneel and worship Him."

O star, of all stars in heaven that shine
Intensest, purest, best,
That leddest the seers to the Child divine
On His human mother's breast,
Shine clear and far o'er slope and scaur,
Illumine the valley grim.
Till thy needless light is quenched, O star,
In the light that streams from Him !

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XII.

Conditions and Working of the Union until 1838; Re-election of Egerton Ryerson as Editor; his Editorial Prospectus, Defining the Objects of his Election and his Intended Course of Proceeding; the Fiery Trial Commencing.

By the late Rev. John Ryerson; with Notes by his brother, Egerton Ryerson.

THE Canadian Government had stated that Methodism in this Province was republicanized by the labours and influence of Yankee preachers, the majority of whom were enemies to British institutions and government; that by their power the connection between the Colony and the Mother Country was not only weakened, but actually endangered; and that if their influence was not reduced, and their democratic course checked, they would endanger the integrity of the United Empire, and throw the Province into the hands of the United States; that it was indispensable for the British Conference to send without delay British missionaries to every principal place in Upper Canada.

These *disinterested patriots* [headed and directed by the Arch-deacon of York] enforced their reasonings by the *golden* argument, "That in case of compliance on the part of the London Wesleyan Committee, there would be granted out of the *casual and territorial* revenue of the Crown [not Clergy Reserve revenue] the sum of one thousand pounds sterling per annum towards the support of such Canadian Missions." By these arguments and considerations the London Wesleyan Committee was convinced that it was their duty to consider the call from Canada as *providential*, and therefore came to the conclusion to re-occupy the Province of Upper Canada as *missionary ground*.

Of this we were advertised, as before stated, by Dr. Alder's letter. This announcement of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, and the appointments they had absolutely made, were to us like thunder-claps. For eight or nine years our Church had been wading through deep waters of affliction, and enduring

fightings without and fears within, while contending for right to hold property on which to erect places of worship and in which to bury our dead, the right to solemnize matrimony, against the Clergy Reserve monopoly, and for equal rights and privileges before the law with the Church of England, in effecting [by mutual consent] our separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States and our organization into an independent Church, preceded and followed as it was by the tumults and schisms of Ryanism. And now, when peace and quiet had apparently returned, and when expectations of increased prosperity were beginning to cheer us, to receive such an announcement was disheartening and crushing beyond what can be expressed. It was easy to predict what would be the result of rival Methodist congregations in every town and principal neighbourhood, and the rival congregations served by able ministers from England.* Oh! the darkness in the future! What a cloud seemed to spread over the whole Methodist family in Upper Canada!

My sadness was very great; for many days I ate little and slept less. My consolation and hope was in God only; and in this state I gave myself to fasting and prayer. One day, while walking along Bay Street, pondering in my mind what would be the result of pending matters, and that if there was any possible way by which the impending evil could be averted, it came into my mind suddenly, as though some supernatural power had suggested it, whether or not some arrangement could not be entered into by which the two Conferences could be united, and thus mutually help and strengthen each other, instead of devouring one another, as the enemies of Methodism were seeking that they should do, and thus prevent the further schemes and evils of divisions. The more I thought of this, the brighter the streak in the cloud seemed to grow; and I resolved to suggest the matter to the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*—then the only minister in the town of York besides myself. At the earliest convenience I mentioned the

* This Mission was in direct violation of the principles avowed by the English Conference and instructions of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, as previously quoted. But Richard Watson was no more, and his successor was more of a High Churchman than Wesleyan in Canadian affairs, and at length left the Methodists altogether, obtained orders in the Church of England, and died several years since as Canon in the Cathedral of Gibraltar.—*Note by E. Ryerson.*

matter to him, in which, after some consideration, he concurred. After several interviews and conversations on the subject, we agreed upon the outlines of a plan of pacification, or one to *prevent* strife. I visited and conversed with the several members of the Missionary Board and all the leading members of the Church within my charge. The time approached for Dr. Alder's arrival, and it was agreed upon among us, that after he came I should call a meeting of the Missionary Board and invite Dr. Alder to attend, when the whole matter should be discussed, and finally to propose our plan to him. In a few days Dr. Alder arrived, accompanied by two or three missionaries. The Missionary Board met; the whole matter was considered; and the proposals, previously agreed upon among ourselves, were made. Dr. Alder requested time to consider the matter, and, after various conversations, provisional arrangements were come to; articles of settlement were agreed upon, substantially such as those that received the sanction of both the British and Canadian Conferences, and became Articles of Union between them from 1833 to 1840. At the request of our Missionary Board, Dr. Alder consented to remain in Canada, and meet our Conference, to be held in the town of Hallowell (now Picton) on the 18th of the following August. After long and careful consideration, the Conference, by a large majority, agreed to adopt the Articles of Settlement which had been proposed by the Missionary Board at York. The Rev. E. Ryerson was appointed representative to the British Conference for the purpose of accomplishing the final settlement and definitely arranging the whole matter.*

During the session of the British Conference which was held in Manchester, August, 1833, the Articles of Union between the British and Canadian Conferences were satisfactorily settled, and the Rev. George Marsden was appointed first President of the Canadian Conference, and the Rev. Joseph Stinson was appointed

** Note by E. Ryerson.*—I think there is very little reason to doubt that Dr Alder and his High Church friends in Toronto (with whom he was in constant consultation) supposed and assumed that placing the Canadian Missions and Conference in connection with, and in subordination to, the British Conference would paralyze, if not lead to the suspension altogether of the exertions of the Canadian preachers against the establishment of Church-of-England supremacy and monopoly in Upper Canada. How their policy and expectations were defeated and disappointed will appear in subsequent notes.

Superintendent of Canadian Missions. Thus ended the great matter of settlement by which threatening danger was avoided, the foundation was laid for conserving the peace and unity of the Church, and for promoting its usefulness.

After a few years, however, another dark cloud came over our Church, and she was again doomed to pass through a fiery ordeal and to drink deeply the waters of affliction. "The Clergy Reserve Question" has been mentioned; and for several years the British Conference and their representatives in Upper Canada cordially co-operated with the *Christian Guardian* and the Conference in defending and maintaining the equal rights and liberties before the law of all religious persuasions, and in opposing the pretensions and claims of the High Church party to the power and revenue of a dominant Church. And it is more than possible that they would have continued to do so but for the troubles in the country in 1837, called the "Insurrection," or "the Mackenzie rebellion." These political and civil disturbances greatly agitated the country; and when they were over, the "Family Compact" (*i.e.*, Dr. Strachan and his supporters) endeavoured to make High Church capital out of them, by representing that the whole mischief had grown out of the opposition of the pretenders and advocates of equal rights and liberties, but who were really opponents of the British constitution and government. After aiding to suppress the rebellion, and when the heat of it was over, the *Christian Guardian* resumed the discussion of the Clergy Reserve question, and insisted that it should now be settled; that this bone of contention should now be taken out of the way; that equal religious and civil rights should now be established for all Christian denominations; and that sectarian monopoly and exclusive party government should be *bygones forever*. But nothing was further from the thoughts of Dr. Strachan and his friends, together with Sir George Arthur, the Governor, than such an equitable settlement. They bitterly contended that any mooted of these questions at the present time was evidence of the disloyalty of the parties who, they alleged, were endeavouring to despoil "The Church" of its lawful rights. The Editor of the *Guardian* was threatened with personal violence, with prosecution, and banishment.

Yet still the *Guardian* kept on the even tenor of its way; and in proportion to the fury of the monopolists did the

Editor of the *Guardian* increase his exertions to wrest from them their unjust gains. Then the opposers of equal rights, seeing that nothing else would do, called in requisition the old craft, to divide the Methodists, or at least, by means of a new party, to *coercively control* them. Sir George Arthur [the amanuensis of Dr. Strachan in these matters] wrote to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London of the evil and disturbing doings of the *Christian Guardian* and its supporters, and calling on them for their interference. Such an appeal was, of course, flattering to the vanity of the Committee, from whom Sir George Arthur received a very complimentary and *encouraging* reply. The Committee also wrote to the Rev. Messrs. Harvard, Stinson, and Richey, and directed their interposition in arresting the unjustifiable course of the *Christian Guardian*. The matter [or rather *pretext*] of complaint was not so much that the *Guardian* discussed the settlement of the Clergy Land question, but that it had become *party political*; that its course was disquieting to the country and disreputable to Wesleyan Methodism, which had always been reputed for its loyalty and conservatism. It is not to be denied that the course of the *Guardian* at this time was very political for a religious journal, the organ of a Church, and many of its best friends thought it ought in this respect to modify its manner of proceeding. But the Editor was firm and unyielding, contending "that all the political questions then pending had a direct or indirect bearing on the *great question*; that in warfare, belligerents were not expected to be exceedingly nice in regard to the instruments they employed in making a breach into the enemy's camp and pulling down his bulwarks; that he employed no illegitimate means, but that he would not be turned aside from the great object until it was attained; that the real object of the Government and the London Missionary Committee was not so much to prevent the introduction of politics into the *Guardian* as the discussion of the Clergy Reserve question itself, and the equal religious rights of the people altogether, so that the High Church party might be left in peaceable possession of their exclusive privileges, and their unjust and immense monopolies, without molestation or dispute." This latter statement of the Editor was doubtless *the truth*; and had he yielded to the dictation of Sir George Arthur's government and the interference of the London Missionary Committee, *one-seventh* of the land of the Province might now be in the hands of

the Church of England. But the course of the *Guardian* and the firmness of our Conference in this matter, however right, brought upon them calamities and sufferings of seven years' continuance.

The Government and the London Committee, however, were not to be diverted from *their* purpose; letters and verbal communications passed between the parties, which so far from settling differences only increased them, and matters every day became more and more complicated. In the spring of 1839 the Rev. Dr. Alder was sent to Canada [professedly] for the purpose of ascertaining the state of things and parties, and, if possible, of adjusting matters, that he might report to the Committee, "What of the night? what of the night?"

Soon after Dr. Alder's arrival there was published a pamphlet signed "M. Richey and J. Stinson," professedly giving a correct statement of the misunderstandings and controversy between the two bodies. An attempt was also made at arguing the subject; but it was a very lame and weak production, doing neither good nor harm. All parties looked upon it as a sort of weakling, that made its appearance out of due time. Still the friends of the Conference thought that Messrs. Richey's and Stinson's pamphlet should be answered and its fallacies pointed out. [An easy task, for however Drs. Richey and Stinson might excel in the pulpit, like Dr. Alder, they were feeble in argument and controversy, and Dr. Alder was not much better.] This was only three weeks before the meeting of Conference; but the Editor of the *Guardian* prepared and published an answer [including an answer to an elaborate letter from Dr. Alder, addressed to and published by the Editor], which was ready for distribution at the time of the meeting of the Conference. Dr. Alder attended the Conference [which was held in Hamilton, June, 1839]; during which all the subjects of dispute were carefully considered and earnestly discussed; the result of which was the reconciliation of parties and the [apparent] healing of the breach.

Appendix by Egerton Ryerson to the First Part of the foregoing narrative by the late Rev. John Ryerson.

Several circumstances of which my late brother was not aware, or to which he did not attach much importance, are omitted in the foregoing narrative.

1. Dr. Alder brought a letter to Sir George Arthur, signed by

Dr. Bunting and the other Missionary Secretaries, condemnatory of the Editor of the *Guardian* and eulogistic of Sir George Arthur's Government. This letter was forthwith published in the *Patriot*, the organ of the Government. This letter was regarded by the High Church party as an extinguisher of the Editor of the *Guardian*, who, however, inserted and replied to the letter in the next number of the *Guardian*. Dr. Alder proposed to vindicate the Missionary Secretaries' letter, and to expound his own position, for which purpose the Editor of the *Guardian* offered him the use of its columns. Dr. Alder availed himself of the offer, and was replied to by the Editor.

2. Dr. Alder attended the Conference at Hamilton, June, 1839, and introduced resolutions expressive of his views, to which he insisted upon the concurrence of the Conference. The resolutions were discussed for some three days without the Editor of the *Guardian* saying a word; until Dr. Alder complained that Mr. Egerton Ryerson had not condescended to make any statement or explanation. Mr. E. Ryerson said he would speak when he thought it expedient; and the following day discussed, in a speech of upwards of two hours, the whole of Dr. Alder's statements and position. Dr. Alder acknowledged the argumentative power of the defence, but attempted no reply, and seemed to despair of success. His resolutions were rejected by the Conference by a majority of fifty-five to five. Mr. E. Ryerson was re-elected Editor of the *Guardian* by an almost unanimous vote of the Conference.

Dr. Alder appeared disappointed and depressed; and after the close of the Conference I said to him, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words: "Dr. Alder, you see how inapplicable your views are to this country—how entirely you have mistaken the state of Canadian society, the views and feelings of the Methodist people and of our Connexion. Now, I do not wish that you should return to England with the stamp of a defeated and disgraced man. I will tell you what I propose to do. I purpose to write a short editorial for the *Guardian*, stating that the differences and misunderstandings which had arisen between the London Wesleyan and Canadian Conferences, after having been carefully considered and fully discussed, were adjusted in an amicable spirit and the unity of the Church maintained inviolate."

Dr. Alder appeared delighted and thankful beyond expression at such an announcement. I prepared the editorial article and read it to him before giving it to the printer.

Dr. Alder used and interpreted this editorial article as a part of the report of his mission, on his return to England, to show that the Canadian Conference and its Editor had acceded to all his demands, and that he had been completely successful in his mission to Canada, when every member of the Canadian Conference knew that neither the Conference nor its Editor had receded one iota from their position or course of proceeding. The London Wesleyan Committee adopted resolutions complimentary to Dr. Alder for the ability and success with which he had executed his Canadian mission, while the Editor of the *Guardian* smiled at this little by-play for the gratification of Dr. Alder, when published in the London *Wesleyan Watchman*, but did not imagine that Dr. Alder's fictitious representation of the results of his mission would be made the authority or ground of charges against himself.

In the meantime the discussion on the question of a dominant Church monopoly and party absolution and proscription in the Government waxed hotter and hotter. A Royal Commission had been appointed to investigate the state of things in Canada; the constitution of Lower Canada had been suspended; rumours prevailed of a change of Government in Upper Canada; the High Church party felt that this was their time, and perhaps their last chance, to confirm their absolute power and Clergy Reserve monopoly; the elections of 1836 and the rebellion of 1837 had crushed the Reform party, silenced or rendered powerless the Reform newspaper press, and the High Church party were completely in the ascendant until the arrival of the Earl of Durham as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, and the superseding of Sir George Arthur by the appointment of the Right Hon. Poulett Thompson, afterward Lord Sydenham.

To enable the reader to understand the nature and the importance of the crisis then approaching, and the circumstances under which, and the purposes for which, I was elected Editor of the *Guardian* to meet it, it will be necessary for me to go back a little and state the following facts:—

From December, 1835, to March, 1837, I was in England, at the request, even command, of the English President (Rev.

Wm. Lord), who had got into financial difficulties with the Wesleyan Committee, which had dishonoured his bills of exchange to the amount of £1,800 sterling, and during which time I relieved Mr. Lord of his difficulties and obtained a Royal Charter and grant of £4,000, besides private subscriptions, in behalf of what is now Victoria University. On my return to Canada in the spring of 1837, I was urged to resume the editorship of the *Guardian*; but I had promised our people in Kingston, from whom I was suddenly removed in the autumn of 1835, that I would remain with them at least a year on my return to Canada. I will here quote the account of the whole affair, and of the conditions and objects of my ultimately resuming the editorship of the *Guardian*, as published in 1841, in London, in my vindication against the attacks of the London Wesleyan Committee, the soundness of which has never been questioned :

“ I was solicited to accept the editorship of the *Guardian* in June, 1837, but I refused, and begged my friends to retain the then Editor. In the course of that year I was reduced to the alternative of treating the most earnest entreaties of the principal preachers with indifference, resisting the appointment of the Conference, or accepting the editorship of the *Guardian* [which I disliked, delighting in the ministerial and pastoral work]. And amongst the most earnest of those preachers with whom my remonstrances were unavailing, was the Rev. Mr. Stinson, the London Wesleyan Committee's Superintendent in Upper Canada, with whom also agreed the Rev. Mr. Richey, the Committee's Assistant Superintendent here. It was their opinion, as well as that of others, that High Church domination required a more decided opponent, and Methodist rights and religious equality a more energetic advocate, than the then Editor. This will appear evident from the extract of a letter addressed by Mr. Stinson to a leading preacher (Rev. John Ryerson), a few weeks before the Session of the Conference at which I was elected Editor. It is dated April 7th, 1838. The extract is as follows :

“ I am quite of your opinion, that Brother Egerton (Ryerson) ought to take the *Guardian* next year. *There is a crisis approaching in our affairs*, which will require a vigorous hand to wield the defensive weapon of our Conference. There can be no two opinions as to whom to give that weapon. *We now stand on fair grounds to maintain our own against the encroachments of the*

oligarchy, and we must do it or sink into a comparatively unimportant body. This must not be.

“It will therefore be seen, that my appointment as Editor was not only promoted by the representative of the London Wesleyan Committee, but with the express view of resisting the ‘encroachments of the oligarchy’—that is, of the High Church party. Messrs. Stinson and Richey had not at that time received instructions from Dr. Alder to support the pretensions of the High Church party in Canada.

“As the justification of the Committee’s hostile proceedings turns, in a great measure, and the Committee’s charges against me depend entirely upon the conditions on which, and the objects for which, I was appointed Editor of the *Guardian* in June, 1838, it is important that I state them.

“Here, then, let the following things be noted:—1. Messrs. Stinson and Richey voted for me as Editor. 2. Previously to my election, I stated at large to the Conference my intended course in regard to the religious and civil affairs. 3. I then embodied in an editorial prospectus the substance of what I had stated to the Conference. 4. When I published that exposition of my views and intended editorial course, it was objected to by no party or individual that I ever heard of, but seemed to satisfy our own preachers and societies generally—even those who have since been drawn away from us—and was never objected to by Dr. Alder or his colleagues in London. The following extracts from my editorial prospectus, published in the *Guardian* of the 11th of July, 1838, will show whether I concealed my sentiments, and subsequent events are my witness whether I have not consistently, firmly and honourably maintained the views and purposes I then stated and avowed. The extracts are as follows:—

(From the Canada Christian Guardian, July 11, 1838).

““In respect to the ecclesiastical affairs of this Province, notwithstanding the almost incredible calumny which has in past years been poured upon me by antagonistic party presses, I still adhere to the principles and views upon which I set out in 1826. I believe the endowment of the priesthood of any Church in this Province will be an evil to that Church as well as impolitic in the Government. I have never received one personal favour nor one farthing for my own gain from the Government or public

treasury, or from any political man or party whatever ; and by the grace of God, I will not rob myself, nor allow myself to be robbed, of that ground of glorying, whatever may be my views of general measures. In accordance with the declaration put forth by several principal ministers of the Methodist Church, in January last (called and presided over by the Rev. Wm. M. Harvard, at that time President of the Canadian Conference, by the appointment of the British Conference), I believe that the appropriation of the Clergy Reserves to educational purposes will be the most satisfactory and advantageous disposal of them that can be made. If in the way of such a disposal of the Clergy Reserves insuperable obstacles should be thrown in the way (although I believe nothing is politically impossible with the Earl of Durham in these Provinces), I think the next best settlement of that question will be to divide the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves among the different religious denominations (according to the plan proposed by several Methodist ministers, last winter) in proportion to what is raised by each ; leaving to the discretionary disposal of each religious body its own apportionment. In connection with such a possible adjustment of the question, I think proper to observe that in the event of any part of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves being apportioned to the Methodist Church, it has been determined to apply that amount—1. To educational purposes, that the means of education may be brought within the reach of youth as much as possible. 2. To assist the members and friends of the Church in the erection of churches and parsonages ; but not a farthing of it to be for the endowment of the clergy in any way whatever.

“ ‘ To the very natural and important inquiry, in relation to *civil affairs*, ‘ Do you intend to be neutral ? ’ I answer, No, I do not ; and for the simple reason, I am a man, and a British subject, am a professing Christian, and representative of a British community. At one period, in Greece, Solón enacted a law inflicting capital punishment upon all neuters. The present is an epoch in the affairs of this Province in which no man of intelligence or consideration can be safely or justifiably neutral. *The foundation of our Government is being laid anew ; the future character, and relations, and destinies of the country are involved in pending deliberations ; the last whisper of rebellion is to be silenced in the land. My decision, however, is not one of party, but of principle—not*

one of passion, but of conviction—not of partial proscription, but of equitable comprehensiveness. To be explicit as well as brief, *I am opposed to the introduction of any new and untried theories of government.* As the organ of the Methodist Church, I assume that the doctrines and discipline of that Church are true and right. I take them for granted as far as the members of that Church are concerned, and expound, and recommend, and act upon them accordingly. So in civil affairs, I assume that this country is to remain a portion of the British empire, and view every measure, not in reference to every or any abstract political theory, however plausible that theory may be, but in reference to the well-being of the country in connection with Great Britain. As in Church affairs I take my stand upon the constitution of the Church in its doctrines and rules, as expounded by its fathers and ablest theologians, and illustrated by general usage; so, in civil affairs, I take my stand upon the *established constitution* of the country, as expounded by royal despatches, and illustrated by the usages of the British Parliament, British Courts of Justice, and the common law of England. Nothing more is wanted to render this Province happy and prosperous than the practical and efficient application to every department of our government, and to our whole system of legislation, of the principles and instructions laid down in the despatch of the Earl of Ripon, addressed to Sir John Colborne, dated 8th November, 1832, and the despatch of Lord Glenelg, addressed to Sir F. B. Head, dated 15th December, 1835.

“If past partizanship and party combinations be forgotten—if the great body of the inhabitants will unite as one man to lay the foundation and erect the superstructure of an impartial and popular Government, a few years at most will bring about what His Excellency the Earl of Durham has avowed it to be the great object of his mission to accomplish—to lay “the foundation of such a system of government as will protect the rights and interests of all parties, allay all dissensions, and permanently establish, under Divine Providence, the wealth, greatness and prosperity of which such inexhaustible elements are to be found in these fertile countries.”

“In conclusion, it is but just that the readers of the *Guardian* and the public should know that the foregoing article contains a mere summary of what I avowed before the late Conference, in a

lengthened address of some hours, previous to being elected to my present office by a ballot vote of forty-one to sixteen. I feel, therefore, strongly sanctioned in those principles, and views, and purposes; but I am deeply sensible of my fallibility. I pretend to no exemption from the ordinary errors and infirmities of humanity; I confess myself liable even to imprudences. In promoting, therefore, the varied objects of the *Guardian*, I must crave the indulgence and forbearance of its readers, as well as hope for their confidence and support—depending primarily, ultimately and entirely upon the favour of Him without whose blessing nothing is wise, or good, or strong.

(Signed) “‘EGERTON RYERSON.’

“I will appeal to every candid man in England whether I could have been more frank and explicit in the expression of my sentiments, and in the avowal of my intended course of proceeding.

“A few months after, it was found that Sir George Arthur, late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, had thrown himself into the hands of the ‘oligarchy’ on the question of the Clergy Reserves—would not consent to have them applied to any other purpose than the support of the clergy, and was anxious to get them re-invested in the Crown. When Sir George Arthur’s views and plans were brought before the Provincial Legislature, I opposed them. The Wesleyan Committee in London interposed to support Sir George Arthur on that question, and sent a letter to Sir George disclaiming all participation in the views of the Canada Conference advocated by me—and sent a letter to Mr. Stinson instructing him to oppose me and support a Church Establishment in this Province. Messrs. Stinson and Richey turned round, and from that day forward supported the ‘oligarchy’ which they had elected me to oppose. However, Her Majesty’s Government subsequently set aside the proceedings of Sir George Arthur upon the very grounds on which I had opposed them; but that made no difference in the feelings of Dr. Alder and his colleagues.

“At the Canada Conference of June, 1839 (held at Hamilton), Dr. Alder was present, when I vindicated the consistency and expediency of the course I had pursued, was sustained by the Conference, and stated that I should feel it my bounden duty to pursue the same course again in like circumstances. Lord Dur-

ham's mission had terminated, and the report of his mission had been laid before Parliament; and the latest intelligence then (June, 1838) received from England informed us that, in accordance with Lord Durham's urgent recommendation for the immediate adjustment of Canadian affairs, a Bill for their settlement would be proposed during that session of Parliament.

"In those circumstances, I stated to the Conference that the moment those questions affecting our constitutional and just rights as British Canadian subjects, and as a religious body, were adjusted, we ought to abstain entirely from any discussions in reference to civil affairs. While Dr. Alder's resolutions were rejected by our Conference, one prepared by myself was unanimously agreed to by our Conference, which, though it disclaimed any intention 'to interfere with the merely secular party politics of the day,' avowed its '*determination to maintain its sentiments on the question of an ecclesiastical establishment in this Province, and our constitutional and just privileges.*'"

The seven years' fiery trial on which the Methodist Church in Canada was now entering will be the subject of the two next Essays, including the change of views and feelings which came over the Wesleyan Methodists in England in regard to their status as a Church and relations to the Church Establishment both in England and Canada, the repentance of Dr. Alder for the wrongs he had done his Canadian brethren, Dr. Bunting's change of views and feelings in regard to Canada, the reunion of the British and Canadian Conferences and happy results.

"NO ROOM FOR JESUS."

WAS there no room in Bethlehem
For Jesus at the inn?

No room for Jesus, when He came
To save a world from sin?

No room for Jesus in our homes
Or round our board, when He
Above all other friends beside
An honoured guest should be?

No room for Jesus in our hearts?
Oh, sad and fearful thought!
Room for all else but His dear love
Who our redemption bought.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

VI.

TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 1745.—When I made my last entry on the last day of the old year, looking forward to be present at the watch-night, methinks I was vain-glorious in the satisfaction I felt at having escaped unscathed from the malice of mine enemies. The Lord hath humbled me, hath showed me that my strength is not as the strength of stones, nor my flesh brass, but that He alone upheld me in my heavy trial. That very evening I was seized with the illness which hath brought me very low. I am as weak as water. During my illness I was visited by Mr. Wesley on his way to Bristol, but I was not conscious of his presence. Doubtless, I may attribute my recovery to his earnest prayers. Praise be to God, his visit hath made a most blessed impression on my dear wife. Her rancour against the Methodists is gone, and her disrespect for them, since she hath seen and spoken with him. God grant that she may soon become one of us.

Ash Wednesday, 27.—To-day, for the first time since I took to my bed, I have attended church. As I walked thither, leaning on the arm of my wife, I passed some of my persecutors, and methought they looked upon me with eyes of shame and pity. Peradventure I ought to prosecute them for their outrageous assault, but my heart inclines to pass it over, that so I may win them to a knowledge of the truth. I will write to Mr. Wesley on this matter. Doubtless, 'twould have been my duty to prosecute the fellow who struck my boy, had he not been already so severely punished.

'Tis a solemn service, the Commination. Pure should be the lips that read it. Nay, none are pure; but he who calls down God's judgments on his fellows should be of an humble and contrite heart, most tender not to offend. How could the minister read to-day, "Cursed is he that smiteth his neighbour secretly," when 'twas he, I have been credibly informed, who set the mob on me last year? For him to gabble as he did of snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest to be rained upon sinners, seemed blasphemous presumption.

Mon., March 11.—I have judged Mr. Saunders uncharitably. I had expected, when I returned to my work this morning, to have been reminded by him of his goodness in keeping the place open for me. But not a word. He gave me a hearty welcome back to my desk, only commenting a little on the inconvenience to which he had been put by my absence, and of the expense of the temporary accountant he had hired to fill my place, naming the amount.

"But, sir," said I, "the young man's wage is less than mine would have been, so that in money you are the gainer."

"Nay, nay," he answered, "I'm not so hard as men would make me out. Dost think I'd stop thy pay because thou hast been disabled in the work of God? There is thy money up to Lady-day, with a little over to help pay the doctor's bill." And he handed me my quarter's wages, with what, for him, is a most handsome addition. I doubt not that good Mistress Saunders is at the bottom of this kindness; still 'tis very good of him, loving money as he doth, to yield to her prompting. That passage, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," hath sometimes led me to doubt whether, if there could be merit in any of our works, 'twould not, other things being equal, be a greater virtue for a miser to give at last, than for one of a liberal nature to give at first, the latter case involving the less self-sacrifice.

Tues., April 2.—Mr. Wesley has writ me the following answer to my letter:

"Dear Brother,—Your letter has found me at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where I have for a time been tarrying, visiting the sick, and the societies round about. I rejoice greatly to hear of your recovery, and of the work of grace which has been begun in the heart of your estimable wife. May God perfect it, and, in His own good time, bring all your family to the knowledge of the truth!

"As to the matter of the prosecution of the rioters, put it before the Lord in prayer, and be guided by His light. It is hard to lay down a general rule. Awhile since, a man in this town, who had previously often abused our family, having assaulted me, I bade him come to me, confess his fault and promise amendment; threatening that otherwise I should bring him before the magistrates. He came, and is now gentle as any sucking dove.

"I have lately drawn up an appeal to the Clergy, praying them to give no heed to the idle tales of our Popery, heresy, schism,

sedition, and I know not what, and to cease to stir up the mob against us as if we were mad dogs; pointing out that to call upon us to desist from preaching in the private houses and the open air is the same as to bid us hold our tongues; and begging them in a word to prevent riot and give us a fair trial before they condemn us, much less execute on us a sentence of club law.

“Yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,

“JOHN WESLEY.”

Fri. 5.—This evening I visited Mistress Spaul to speak with Patty, but was told that she was out upon an errand. It was borne in upon me not to return by the churchyard, but to loiter for a while in Orange Grove. There I soon saw my poor child tripping back with a handbox in her hand. Her dress was so exceedingly gay that it seemed ridiculous. Had not her face been toward me, I had not known her, but marvelled to see so fine a lady bearing burdens and walking unaccompanied by beaux or followed by a footman. My first prompting was to call a chair. When she came to the obelisk she stopped and looked around, when up came a grand gentleman in a red coat, daubed with gold lace. Thinking that he was about to offer rudeness, I hastened towards them, but found my gentleman with his hat upon his heart, bowing and making speeches like a Frenchman, to which my foolish daughter listened, secretly well-pleased, but affecting a mincing indifference to them and disdain for him. From her manner it was plain she had oft heard such talk from him before, and I fear from others.

“Sir, or my lord,” I said, “do not demean yourself by trying to befool a simple wench. Put on your hat, and behave like a man of sense and honour. I respect my worldly superiors, and would show them all due honour, but if I find you tampering with my child, by heaven!——” I was interrupted in the threat which I was about to utter, and repent in the dust that I should have backed it with an oath. Hath not our Lord said, “Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne?” But I was deeply moved.

“What!” exclaimed my fine gentleman, in feigned surprise, “are you the too fortunate parent of that paragon of her sex, that peerless young gentlewoman?”

“Your peerless paragon,” said I, “is a simple man’s daughter,

'prenticed to a milliner, and, therefore, no fit company for lords. I hope to see her wife to an honest man.—Come with me, child," I added, taking her by the arm, and leading her away; "and never again listen to that villain."

"Nay, do not fear, lovely Patty," quoth he, with insolent familiarity. "I will bear much from thy father, because he is thy father (though I should ne'er have thought it), and because of his age I will not harm him."

Harm me! My age, forsooth! The old Adam strove hard to rise. Had it not been for the graciously restraining hand of God, I should have made the whippersnapper bear more than a little from me. 'Twould have been easy to send his threadpaper lordship skipping. O God, again I thank Thee for Thy restraining grace! I led poor pouting Patty to her mistress, and related with much indignation what had happened; but she made light of it. And when I spake hotly of taking my child home at once, Mistress Spauld denied my right to rob her of her apprentice and to force my daughter's inclinations. "Dost wish to leave me, child?" she asked, turning to Patty; and Patty angrily answered, "Nay." Then said her mistress, "Go, go, Mr. Pidgeon, and meddle no more in women's matters. Leave me and her mother to look after Patty."

I had thought that my wife would have been as angry as myself, but, to my grief, the poor foolish woman talks as if in such a case matrimony were possible, and blames me for not having inquired as to the name and fortune of the gentleman. She says that though her father was only a poor curate all his life, her mother came of gentle blood, and sees not why her children should not wed it. 'Twould not be wonderful to her, she says, although it might so seem to me, who have no ancestors. Sure, I must have as many ancestors as she, and those I wot of are, at the lowest, every whit as reputable; and do we not at last all spring from Adam? The only comfort I can get from my wife's talk is her assurance that Patty hath too much self-respect to suffer herself to be fooled as some girls are. But to what practised snares may not the poor ignorant child be exposed? And is not the heart, even of the purest, deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked? O God, in Thee only is my trust.

Sun. 21.—I have again ventured into Mr. D——'s parish, and he hath been true to his threat that he would show himself my

enemy when, as he thought, I had none to help me ; but the Lord hath made the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder thereof doubtless He will restrain.

After preaching to a little congregation on the common, gathered about the finger-post where the four ways meet, I went to evening prayers. The parson, it seems, had but just heard of my audacity, and scowled at me from the desk, as if he would fain nail me to the seat until he could come down to wreak his vengeance on me, or blight me where I sat.

Scarce giving himself time to take off his surplice, he came after me as I left church.

"So, so, you are come again, Mr. Preacher," said he, when he had first roughly stopped me, and then made me a bow of mockery. ('Twas easy to see that he had drunk freely of other than the sacramental wine.) "What Bishop gave you orders and license to intrude upon my parish, and privilege to wear your fine blue suit? Whoever his Lordship be, he pays you well—'tis better cloth than mine is of." (Sure, 'tis not necessary to ask a Bishop to wear blue clothes.) "I trust 'tis stout, for you must sit some hours in the open air, and the evening breeze blows keen. Off to the stocks with the rascal, constable."

So two constables pounced on me, and took me to the stocks, just outside the village, on the edge of the common where I had preached, hard by the cage ; the parson going with them to see it done, and a great crowd accompanying. When my feet were made fast, the parson went away and the crowd began to jeer.

"Nay, my friends!" I said, "if you find entertainment in seeing me sitting here for no just cause, peradventure it would please you better to hear me speaking for your benefit."

"Hear him!" cried some of those who had been noisiest before ; and making of the stocks my pulpit, I declared to them the counsel of God with exceeding plainness of speech, so that deep seriousness, yea, I may say awe, fell upon my hearers.

Marvelling that none had returned to the village, Mr. D—— came back, and finding how matters had turned out, hastily bade me to be released. This was done right willingly, but then the crowd would have me tarry still to speak to them. Thinking, however, that good seed had already been sown, and not wishing, needlessly, to bring any into disfavour with one able and willing to injure them in their temporal affairs, I bade them a hearty

farewell, which they, in spite of the presence of their parson, as heartily returned. To Thy Name, O God, be all the glory. O Lord, water Thou the seed which Thou hast sown by the mouth of the meanest of Thy servants.

Sat. 27.—'Tis strange that here, where once there was such deadness to all spiritual things, there should have arisen a strife of tongues as to the mode of our salvation. 'Tis better than the previous stagnancy; nevertheless, 'tis a great hindrance to the progress of our work. For myself, I care not for religious controversy. I will know nothing of Calvinism, or Arminianism, or Moravianism, but will preach Jesus Christ as I find Him in the Bible, and to mine own soul—the Saviour of the world, crucified for all mankind, able to save to the uttermost. 'Tis we who reject God's bounty, not He who limits it. Strange that the Calvinists will stint and straiten what He hath made so free and wide, for doubtless there are among them good and faithful servants of the God and Father of us all.

Sun. 28.—This night, when I looked forth upon the stars shining in their calm or glittering brightness, methought how much more to the purpose is what the Bible tells us of them than that which I have read is the opinion of the modern astronomers. I had long secretly been suspicious of their calculations, but had not ventured to speak out; supposing the matter to be beyond my mathematics, who am but a plain, although accurate, arithmetician. Therefore it gave me great satisfaction to be confirmed in my doubts by the authority of Mr. John Wesley, on the occasion of my ride with him from Glo'ster.

"Friend," said he, "I verily believe they know but little more of the matter than yourself or any other plain man who hath eyes in his head. Blind leaders of the blind are these wise stargazers, who would be thought to see so much farther into space than their neighbours."

And then Mr. Wesley told me that some of them affirm the sun to be ninety, others only three, millions of miles distant from the earth. Sure, this can scarce be called an exact science! Suffice it for me to read, "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Sat., May 11.—Alas! alas! when in this house shall we ever

know peace again? All day long have I been hurrying to and fro, but to no purpose; and could I have got upon their track, 'twould not have availed to save my child from shame. Yet shall not the misguided girl be suffered to continue to lead a life of sin. None shall have rest until I get wind of them, that I may pursue them, snatch my ill-fated daughter from the arms of the villain who hath betrayed her, open her eyes to his villainy, and make him cower before my avenging wrath. Alas! alas! might she not refuse to believe me? choose to continue in her fool's paradise until she shall be cast out of it, as full soon she will, by his own act? Alas! how can I sufficiently punish him? How can I punish him at all, being the great man he is, save with mine own hand? O God, do Thou avenge my cause; and deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord. Tho' I oft reproved her, my Patty was dear to me as the apple of mine eye, and in spite of her frivolity, oft showed me great affection. It cuts me to the heart that when we last parted 'twas in anger. Would that then I had carried by force my lost lamb to the fold! Her mother and I are punished for the pride we took in her good looks. Would that she had been seamed with small-pox ere she came to such a fate! It angers me that my wife, foolish woman! still talks half complacently as if marriage might be possible. This morning Hester received the following billet, which shows, alas! that my eldest daughter likewise knew of things of which I knew not, and the mischief their mother's foolish talk about their gentle blood hath bred:—

“DEAR HETTY,—Ere you receive this, I shall be hastening to my union with the most generous of men. I say not that I regard Lord —— with the feelings I might at last have been brought to bestow upon Fidelio, but he will give me a grand position. Poor Fidelio must console himself. I may make use of our interest in his favour. Be sure that I will not forget my own family. Poor dear papa may yet rejoice that on one side 'tis of gentle blood. Lord —— says that he would have had me though I had been a milkmaid with twenty such fathers; but I will not have a word said against poor papa. 'Tis through no fault of his he is not so well born as his wife and children. Still 'tis a comfort to have good blood. His Lordship will be open-handed in matters of money, but he doth not derogate in marrying me. We match on equal terms. He hath blood, and lands, and gold,

and I have blood and more than ordinary beauty. 'Twould be ridiculous to affect to doubt it after what I have seen of the fashionable world. Save that he hath not the genteel air, poor Fidelio hath far more good looks than my good Lord can claim; but looks matter not in him. My dear mamma will rejoice in my prosperous marriage. To her and to my poor dear papa present my assurances of continued affection. My love to the girls, and a kiss for dear little Jack. My Lord saith he shall soon have a pair of colours. Our marriage must for the present be kept secret, until our noble father, the Earl of —, who is not of so liberal a disposition as his son, be reconciled to my lack of fortune. 'Tis not a hundred miles from Bath, though, we shall be wed, and then we go—but whither yet, I must not say. 'Twill be paradise, save for the thought of the torments of poor Fidelio. God grant he doth not drown himself.

“Your fond LADY MARTINA.”

Martina, forsooth! Poor Patty! must thou change also thy baptismal name? I blush to have given being to one so blind. Nevertheless, even now 'tis hard to keep back a bitter smile at the child's childish ways. The worst of the matter is that vanity hath brought it all about. Such love as an honest woman should give a man 'tis plain the girl hath bestowed (altho' mixed with much vanity) on him she calleth in her mincing foreign talk her poor Fidelio. I must discover him. 'Twas sad, too, to note that 'twas envy, caused by what she fondly thought her younger sister's advancement, which prompted Hester so readily to blurt out the business of the letter. O my God, Thou hast brought me to the dust. To have daughters who immodestly put illicit gain before godliness! My wife angers me with her smirking talk of marriage, thus leading my unfallen children into like temptation. Have I taken a fool to my bosom, and begotten offspring in her likeness? When I inquired of Mistress Spaul, she professed that she knew nought of what had become of my child. Peradventure she is not advised, inasmuch as she appeared vexed in good earnest that she should so soon have lost one whom, she frankly owned, she had hired as a lure to her shop. Oh, why did I suffer her to be placed with that vile woman? and permit my foolish wife to over-persuade me to permit her to tarry in the shop against my judgment? But 'tis cheap crying, “Oh, why was it permitted?” against another, when we

ourselves are answerable. 'Tis the part of a weak fool, too cowardly to bear due share of common fault; in this case, mine by far the greatest. Patty's late mistress would have given me her coarse comfort. "I am sorry, Mr. Pidgeon," she said, "for you and for myself; but tut, tut, 'tis after all no such crying matter. Not one of my girls but would give her eyes (if then she could still please) to be in Patty's place. His Lordship's whim is like to last for a while—make hay while the sun shines; and when he wearies of her, he will leave her well provided. He is a free-handed gentleman."

Would that the vile woman had had a husband, that I might have smitten him to the earth for his wife's saying!

O Lord, whither is my wrath carrying me? Oh, bring back to me my child!

Sun. 19.—A week hath passed, but we have heard nothing of our child. 'Tis more bitter to have lost her thus, than had God taken her to Himself. But nay; dying in her present state she had certainly perished, and we been parted for ever; whereas now, God may be graciously pleased to bring her to repentance. O Lord, may it be soon; and stir me up to double earnestness in seeking the salvation of all my family, and let me not make of my sorrow an excuse for neglecting the souls of others. To my shame be it written, I have not once preached, or attended the meetings of our little society, since my daughter's flight; partly because a weight was on my spirits, disinclining me to speak, and partly from a sense of shame. But I must take up my cross and once more labour in the vineyard.

Mon. 20.—This evening a gentleman, who lies to-night at the Blue Boar, sent for me and would have had me drink a bottle of wine with him, in order that he might, as he said, enjoy my conversation. I declined to drink, but tarried with him in, I trust, profitable talk. He had heard of my preaching and persecutions from the host, and wished to see and question me for himself.

"Who gave you license to preach?" said he. "The Lord Jesus Christ," I answered. "But do you think it worth your while to subject yourself to such scurvy treatment as I hear you have endured?" he asked again. "Indeed, sir, I do," I replied. "Such treatment is a trial to the flesh, and it is not

right that unruly men should be allowed to break the law with impunity. But I trust I am prepared to endure ten, yea, a hundred-fold what I have at present suffered, if I might but bring one soul to Christ." "‘Bring a soul to Christ!’ what mean you?" he asked. "To a sense of its need of salvation, and to its Saviour," I answered. "But this preaching in the open air, I cannot hold with it," the gentleman went on. "Sure, sir," I replied, "what our Master did, His servants need not be ashamed to do. Was the Sermon on the Mount preached beneath a roof?" "But," he insisted, "how can you, being a plain man, preach without book, when the clergy, who have been bred at the University, need written sermons? It must be disjointed rant you talk." "Sir," I replied, "although I am, as you say, a plain man, and can make no pretence to any familiar acquaintance with the learned tongues, yet have I received a fair education, and in what I have retained of it need not, perhaps, shrink from a comparison with some of our clergy. A man may have been to college, and yet turn out a dunce. But 'tis not to my own wit I trust when I preach, but to Him who hath promised the inspiration of His Holy Spirit." "And you pray, too, without book, they tell me," he said. "I would fain hear a prayer without book. I never heard a prayer without book." Taking him at his word, I asked him to kneel down with me, and offered up earnest supplication to God on his behalf. He was much moved, shaking me heartily by the hand when we rose from our knees, and again when he had accompanied me to the door of the inn, to the amaze of the landlord and them which were idling at the bar.*

* This story will be continued through the first half of 1881. Its conclusion is of especial interest. Concerning it the London *Watchman* says: "It palpitates with genuine old Methodist experience and feeling. We have been unable to read it except with moistened eyes and deeply moved heart. It brings all the love and glow and gladness of primitive Methodism most vividly to our conscience."

GREAT REFORMERS.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

OF the effigies on the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, two of the most impressive are those of Bishops Ridley and Latimer, the latter bending beneath the weight of well-nigh fourscore years. Side by side on that very spot those noble souls glorified God amid the flames, and passed through the gate of martyrdom to their reward on high. It is fitting, therefore, that side by side we trace their life history and record their sublime confession of the faith.

Hugh Latimer sprang from that sturdy Saxon stock which constitutes the bone and sinew of the English race. "By yeomen's sons," he declared in his first sermon before King Edward VI., "the faith of Christ is, and hath been, chiefly maintained;" and by his own brave life and heroic death, he illustrated the saying. The following is his own account of his parentage, given in his famous "Sermon of the Plough:"

"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had a walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse, and so he came to the place where he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field." He goes on to say, "My father kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles apiece; and he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did on the same farm."

The subject of our sketch was born in 1480, at Turcaston, and went in his fourteenth year to Cambridge University, where he pursued a full scholastic course, and became a Fellow of Clare Hall. In his zeal for the new learning then springing into life,

he crossed the sea and sat at the feet of the great Italian scholars of the University of Padua. He diligently studied the Romish theology, and was so zealous in the observance of the rites of the Church that he was made the cross-bearer in the religious processions. He had, indeed, the intention of becoming a friar, thinking thereby more effectually to serve God. "I was as obstinate a Papist," he writes, "as any was in England; insomuch that, when I should be Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration went against Philip Melancthon and against his opinions. Master Bilney, or rather Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's Word's sake, heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge. He came to me afterward in my study and desired me to hear his confession. I did so, and learned more than before in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the Word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries."

He became forthwith a zealous preacher of the faith he once opposed. He was therefore cited before Wolsey, and charged with holding heretical opinions. But the astute Cardinal, finding him no ignorant fanatic, to the chagrin of his enemies, gave him a general license to preach. He preached, therefore, more zealously than ever, defending the doctrines of the Reformation and inveighing against indulgences and other Romish usages. When Henry VIII. began to throw off the shackles of the Papacy, Latimer was appointed one of the royal chaplains. But he bated not a jot of his sturdy boldness of speech. He strongly remonstrated against the king's inhibition of the Holy Scriptures and religious books in the English tongue. The bluff king never shrank from plain honest dealing, and the inhibition was shortly removed. Latimer was now appointed to a living in Wiltshire, where his zealous itinerating aroused the ire of his enemies. He was cited before the Archbishop of Canterbury for heresy. But through the interference of the king he was acquitted.

Yet he courted not the favour of the monarch who protected him. "Have pity on your soul," he cried, remonstrating with the king in the spirit of Elijah rebuking Ahab, "and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give an account of your office and of the blood that has been shed by your sword." He reproved boldly the unpreaching prelates of his day. "I would ask you a strange question," he once said, with biting irony, to a ring of

Bishops at St. Paul's Cross, "who is the most diligent prelate in all England? I will tell you. It is the Devil. He passeth all the rest in doing of his office. Therefore, if you will not learn of God, for very shame learn of the Devil." His moral earnestness, his homely humour, his shrewd wit, his broad charity, his transparent sympathy, made his sermons come home to every man's conscience. No such preaching had ever been heard in England, and as the peasants of Galilee listened to the Great Teacher, so the common people heard him gladly.

In 1535 Latimer was appointed Bishop of Winchester, and opened the Convocation with two of his boldest sermons. He devoted himself with great zeal to his official duties, and especially laboured to remove the superstitious ceremonies of Romanism, which still clung like strangling ivy around the goodly trunk of the Protestant faith. He steadfastly pointed to Christ as the true object of adoration. For the celebration of the Lord's Supper he prepared a hymn, setting forth as follows its spiritual character :

Of Christ's body this is a token,
Which on the cross for our sins was broken ;
Wherefore of your sins you must be forsakers,
If of Christ's death ye will be partakers.

He preached with great diligence—twice on Sundays, and often during the week—and was bold in denouncing sin even in his sermons before the Court. His plainness of speech gave much offence to the courtiers, whose vices he rebuked, and complaint was made to the king, whereupon he made the following memorable defence : "I never thought myself worthy, nor did I ever sue to be a preacher before your grace, but I was called to it, and am willing, if you mislike me, to give place to my betters ; and if it be your grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I could be content to bear their books after them ; but if your grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and give me leave to frame my doctrine according to my audience."

In 1539, through the influence of Gardiner and the Romanising Bishops, the Act of Six Articles was passed, making it penal to impugn transubstantiation, communion in one kind, the celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, private masses, and auricular confession. Latimer at once resigned the honours of an office whose

duties he could not discharge with the approval of his conscience, and retired into privacy. Being compelled by ill-health to seek medical aid in London, he was discovered by Gardiner's spies, and was thrust into the gloomy Tower—that grim prison of so many of England's best and noblest sons. Here he languished for six slow rolling years, till he had well-nigh attained the allotted limit of three score and ten.

The accession of Edward VI. released from his bondage the venerable prisoner. He was pressed by the House of Commons to resume his bishopric, but declined the charge on account of his age and infirmities. These, however, did not prevent his diligently pursuing his studies, for which purpose, we read, he used sometimes to rise at two o'clock in the morning. He frequently preached at Court and throughout the country. His chief residence was at Lambeth, where he enjoyed the hospitality of his friend Cranmer, the Primate of All England. Hither many resorted to him for temporal and spiritual advice. "I cannot go to my book," he said, "for poor folk who come to me desiring that their matters may be heard." The "law's delay," especially in the case of poor suitors, was then even more proverbial than now. He took little part in the public direction of the Reformation, but as the popular favourite, and through his powerful preaching, he did more than any other man to prepare the way for it in the hearts of the people.

But his life-day, so strangely flecked with sunshine and shadow, was destined to have a lurid close. On the accession of Mary, of sanguinary memory, the old persecuting edicts were re-enforced. The fulminations of Rome were again hurled against the adherents of the Reformation—at the lofty and lowly alike. So distinguished a mark as Latimer could not long escape the menaced blow. But he sought not to evade it, and calmly awaited its fall. It came swift and sure and fatal. He was at Coventry when the summons was issued citing him before the Privy Council. He had ample warning, but refused to escape. John Carless, a Protestant weaver, who afterwards died in prison for the truth, informed him of the approach of the officers—not of justice, but of cruel and flagrant wrong. But, in the spirit of a martyr, he felt that the best use he could make of his life would be to lay it down for the testimony of Jesus. As he was led through Smithfield Market, a spot consecrated by the fires of martyrdom, he

said "that place had long groaned for him," expecting soon to be consigned to the flames. He was again remanded to the gloomy prison of the Tower. As the frosts of winter smote through the stone walls of his chamber and chilled the thin blood of age, he wrote to the Lieutenant that "unless they allowed him fire he should deceive them; for they purposed to burn him, but he should be starved with cold."

His imprisonment, however, was not without its joys. As the number of prisoners increased, his friends Cranmer, Ridley, and Bradford shared his chamber. In the study of the New Testament they solaced their souls and confirmed their convictions of the errors of Popery. In such employ the long months of the winter passed away, and when the trees bourgeoned forth, and the lambs skipped in the meadows, and the larks soared in the ether, they rode on ambling palfreys, guarded by wardens from the Tower, down to Oxford, cited thither to dispute with the learned Doctors of the University. How bright and beautiful must this fair world have seemed as they passed beneath the hawthorn and apple blossoms of the Thames Valley in the year of grace 1554—their last ride through the rural loveliness of "Merrie England."

The learned doctors and logic-mongers of Oxford assailed the already prejudged bishops with arguments from the Fathers, the decisions of Councils, and the trivial distinctions of the schoolmen. But Latimer stoutly replied that these things had no weight with him only as they were confirmed by Holy Scripture. With such an obstinate heretic what could the purblind Doctors do but hale him away again to prison? This was accordingly done, and in the grim Bocardo, or felons' jail of Oxford, the destined martyr with his companions in tribulation were confined. The long months of the summer, so bright and beautiful without, so dark and dreary in his gloomy cell, dragged on. But even the dungeon gloom was irradiated with the light of God's smile; and many fervent prayers for his beloved England, so rent by faction, and for the persecuted Church of Christ therein, went up from the gray-haired patriot bishop kneeling on the stone floor of his narrow cell. Seven times over during this last imprisonment he diligently read and studied the New Testament.

At length, on the 30th of September, Latimer and Ridley were brought forth for their final arraignment. The scene in the stately church of St. Mary's was one of pomp and splendour, so

far as thrones of state and embroideries of golden tissue can give splendour to a high crime against justice and righteousness. Latimer's appearance is thus described: "He held his hat in his hand, having a kerchief on his head, and upon it a great cap, such as townsmen use, with two broad flaps to button under the chin, wearing an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leathern girdle, at which his Testament hung by a string of leather, and his spectacles without case depending about his neck upon his breast." The popish ecclesiastics accused him of want of learning, on which he emphatically replied, "Lo, you look for learning at my hands, who have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen and ink, and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles!"

But remonstrance was futile. He had only to hear sentence pronounced, to be degraded from office with puerile and insulting ceremonies, and be led away to be burned. In the public square in front of Balliol College the stakes were planted and the faggots piled. From a wooden pulpit a sermon was preached to the assembled multitude, aspersing the name and fame of the Reformers, but they were not suffered to reply. "Well," said Latimer, appealing to the great tribunal and the last assize, "there is nothing hid but shall be opened." The jailer then took off his prison clothes to prepare him for the stake, when it was seen that he had put on a shroud as an undergarment. And although an infirm old man, yet, divinely strengthened for this ordeal by fire, he now "stood upright, as comely a father as one might anywhere behold." As he stood at the stake, the grand old hero, turning to Ridley, who was "coupled with him for a common flight," uttered these words, which still stir our souls across the centuries, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE, BY GOD'S GRACE, IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT." Then lifting up his voice, he cried, "O, Father in heaven, receive my soul!" The fire burned fiercely; and, bending towards the flames he seemed to bathe his hands therein, when the explosion of a bag of gunpowder fastened to his person swiftly ended his life.

His companion in martyrdom was yet a child when Latimer had reached man's estate. Nicholas Ridley was born early in the sixteenth century, of old Northumbrian stock. He was educated

as a zealous Papist at the Universities of Cambridge, Paris, and Louvain. But his study of the Scriptures enlightened his mind, and he embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. He forthwith preached strongly against the errors of Popery. On the accession of Edward VI. he became, successively, Court Preacher, Bishop of Rochester, and Bishop of London. "He so laboured and occupied himself in preaching and teaching the true and wholesome doctrines of Christ," says Foxe, "that a good child never was more loved by his dear parents than he was by his flock and diocese. To these sermons the people resorted, swarming about him like bees, and coveting the sweet flowers and wholesome juice of the fruitful doctrine, which he not only preached, but showed the same by his life." During the prevalence of the fatal pestilence known as the "sweating sickness," when many fled from the city to save their lives, he braved the danger and steadfastly ministered to his flock. On the accession of Mary, Ridley was deposed from office, and, with Cranmer and Latimer, was, as we have already narrated, thrown into the Tower. During the famous Oxford disputation his critical knowledge of Greek enabled him to correct many attempts to pervert the meaning of ancient writers. But it availed not to avert a fate already foredoomed. When the death sentence was pronounced, Ridley calmly replied to his judges, "Although I be not of *your* company, yet I doubt not that my name is written in another place, whither this sentence will send us sooner than we should have come by the course of nature." During his last imprisonment he was deprived of most of his books, and denied the use of pen, ink, or paper; but in his zeal for study he cut the lead from the lattice of his windows, and wrote on the margin of the few books left him. To his friend Bradford, who was shortly afterwards burned at Smithfield, saying, "O, England, England, repent thee of thy sins!" and then to his companion in the flames, "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall sup this night with the Lord," he wrote by stealth a letter of apostolic greeting and encouragement.

As he was himself led to the stake, he embraced his fellow-sufferer, Latimer, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame or else strengthen us to abide it. So long as the breath is in my body," he went on, "I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth." Then lifting up his hands, he uttered the patriotic prayer for his country,

which, although it so persecuted him, he loved to the end : " I beseech Thee, Lord God, have mercy upon the realm of England, and deliver her from all her enemies." Latimer soon died, but on Ridley's side the fire burned slowly, so that his torture was prolonged and dreadful. Yet was he " strengthened to abide it." His own brother-in-law, desiring to relieve his pain, heaped on more faggots, which, however, kept the fire down still longer. Frequently he groaned, in the bitterness of his anguish, " O, Lord, have mercy upon me ! " and urged the bystanders to let the fire reach his body. At length one understood him and pulled the faggots apart. The flames leaped up and caught the gunpowder hung around his neck. A sharp explosion followed, and he moved no more.

By such constancy and courage and fiery pangs of martyrdom was the faith of Jesus confessed in those days of tribulation ; and by such a costly sacrifice were the triumphs of the Gospel secured. And this testimony was not unavailing. Julius Palmer, a Fellow of Magdalen College, a bigoted Papist, was present, and, convinced of the truth of the doctrines for which men die thus, became himself a convert, and soon sealed his testimony with his blood. The terrors of the stake and faggot were powerless against men like these. John Rogers died bathing his hands in the flames " as if they had been cold water." John Lambert cried exultingly amid the flames, " None but Christ." " The Holy Spirit," said Thomas Bilney, " shall cool the flames to my refreshing," and praying, like Stephen, for his murderers, he " fell on sleep." In three years three hundred martyrs thus glorified God amid the flames. But every death at the stake won hundreds to the persecuted cause. " You have lost the hearts of twenty thousand that were rank Papists," ran a letter to Bonner, " within the last twelvemonth."

The Church of Christ in an age of luxury and self-indulgence may well revert to those days of fiery trial, and catch inspiration from the faith and zeal and lofty courage, unfaltering even in the agonies of death, of those noble confessors and witnesses for God. Amid the darkness of the times they held aloft the torch of truth, and handed down from age to age the torn yet triumphant banner of the faith, dyed with their hearts' best blood. They recall the sublime words of Tertullian, which, sounding across the centuries, still thrill the soul like the sound of a clarion : " We say, and before all men we say, and torn and bleeding under your tortures

we cry out, 'We worship God through Christ.' We conquer in dying, and are victorious when we are subdued. The flames are our victory robe and our triumphal car. Kill us, torture us, condemn us, grind us to powder. The oftener you mow us down, the more we grow.* The martyrs' blood is the seed of the Church." In kindred spirit exclaims Justin Martyr: "You can kill us, but you cannot harm us."†

"The rosemary and thyme," says Bacon, "the more they are incensed (or bruised), give out the richer perfume." So under the cruel flail of persecution the confessors of Jesus breathed forth the odours of holiness, which are fragrant throughout the world to-day. From the martyr's blood, more prolific than the fabled dragon's teeth, new hosts of Christian heroes rose, contending for the martyr's starry and unwithering crown. Age after age the soldiers of Christ have rallied to the conflict whose highest reward was the guerdon of death. They bound persecution like a wreath about their brow, and rejoiced in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. Beside the joys of heaven, they won imperishable fame on earth, and were ennobled by the accolade of martyrdom to the lofty peerage of the skies. Wrapped in their fiery vest and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While their eyes filmed with the shadows of death, their spirits were entranced by the vision of the opening heaven; and above the jeers of the ribald mob swept sweetly o'er their souls the song of the redeemed before the throne. Beyond the shadows of time, and above the sordid things of earth, they soared to the grandeur of the infinite and the eternal.

Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart; the martyrs made more converts by their deaths than by their lives. Of the group of "Great Reformers" commemorated in this series of papers, all save four suffered as martyrs to the truth, and all save one of these by the agonizing death of fire. Yet they live for ever in the memory of mankind, and they still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns with a potent and abiding spell.

* "*Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiæ.*" Tertul. *Apol.* C. 50.

† Jus. Mar. *Apol.*, 1.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XVI.—CLOSING SCENES.

FEW words more are needed to complete the story of our humble heroine. After the unusual excitement caused by the first marriage ever celebrated in Upper Canada, life at the Heck Settlement subsided into its usual quiet. The fair Blanche Dunham remained for two years at her old home, to gladden with her filial attentions her beloved father, who was now a chronic invalid. Elder Dunham continued to range throughout his vast circuit as energetically as before his marriage. Two years later he was appointed Presiding Elder of the "Canada District." But with the exception of a short residence in the western part of the province, his growing household found a home at the old Pemberton place.

Reginald Pemberton was soon after appointed to the Bay of Quinté Circuit. The consent of Barbara Heck was won by his eloquence to parting with her daughter, the fair Katharine.

"Go, my child," she said; "you will still be among your kinsfolk; and what is far better, you will find there spiritual kin. You go not forth, like your father and mother, to a strange people and a strange land. But the Lord has been good, and has showed us His mercy in the Old world and the New."

Upon the fertile shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinté, a little company of Palatines, an offshoot from that of the Heck community, had settled. Here at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, a deep inlet from the larger bay, Reginald Pemberton had the distinguished honour of causing the erection of the first Methodist Meeting-house in Upper Canada. (At the Heck Settlement, the great parlour of the Heck house—specially constructed for the purpose—had been used for worship.) The new chapel was a barn-like wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries, which still existed a few years ago in a tolerable state of preservation. Upon this Reginald wrought with his own hands. On the subscription list, which is still extant, may be deciphered the blurred and fading signatures of a

younger generation of Emburys, Ruckles, and other godly Palatines, whose memory is forever associated with the introduction of Methodism to this Continent and to this Dominion. A worthy Methodist missionary now in a distant field of the Great Lone Land cherishes as a precious relic of that first Methodist church in Canada a staff made from one of its timbers.

The little communities scattered through the far-spreading wilderness were cheered by the visits of that heroic band of missionaries who traversed the forests, and forded the streams, and slept oftentimes beneath the broad canopy of heaven. Here came the since famous Nathan Bangs, who records that when he reached the Niagara River to enter Canada there were but two log-houses where the great city of Buffalo now stands. His written Life recounts his strange adventures with enraged and drunken Indians and still more desperate white traders, with backslidden Christians in whom he often re-awoke conviction for sin, and with earnest souls to whom he broke with gladness the bread of life. It was a day of unconventional freedom of manners. If the preacher could obtain no lodging-place but the village tavern, he would warn the revellers whom he found there to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. When in a settler's shanty he preached the Word of Life, he was subject to the frequent interruption of some loungee at the door or window—"How know you that?" or the remonstrance from some conscience-stung soul—"What are you driving at me for?"

Here, too, came the venerable Bishop Asbury, then in age and feebleness extreme, but untiring in his zeal for the cause of God. "We crossed the St. Lawrence," writes his companion in travel, "in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together [they must have been wooden dug-outs], and put our horses in them—their fore feet in one, their hind feet in another. We were a long time in crossing; it was nearly three miles, and part of the way was rough, especially the rapids." As Mr. Asbury was leading his horse over a bridge of poles, its legs slipped between them, and sank into mud and water. "Away went the saddle-bags; the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were inde-

scribable. They were enough to jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave. He was very lame from inflammatory rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr. The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light of his afflictions. "I was weak in body," he wrote, after preaching at the Heck Settlement, "but was greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them." After a twelve miles' ride before breakfast, he wrote, "This is one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of noble size; the crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land that God the Lord hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's Harbour in an open boat they were nearly wrecked. "The wind was howling," writes his companion, "and the storm beating upon us. I fixed the canvas over the bishop like a tent to keep off the wind and rain. Then I lay down on the bottom of the boat on some stones placed there for ballast, which I covered with some hay I procured in Kingston for our horses." They reached land "sick, sore, lame and weary, and hungry." Yet the old bishop set out in a thunder-storm to reach his appointment. Such was the heroic stuff of which the pioneer missionaries of Canada were made.

But we must return to the fortunes of the Heck family, from which we have digressed. Long before Asbury's visit to Canada, the pioneer Methodist, Paul Heck, died at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the Gospel, in his sixty-second year. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his heroic wife. But his traditionary virtues were perpetuated in the pious lives of his children and his children's children after him.

For twelve years longer his true and noble wife waited for the summons to join him in the skies—a "widow indeed," full of faith and good works. In the old homestead, and enjoying the filial love and care of her son, Samuel Heck, she passed the time of her sojourning in calmness and contentment of soul. To her children's children at her knee—a younger Katharine and Reginald Pemberton, a younger Paul and Barbara Heck, and to a younger Blanche and Darius Dunham—she read from her great German Bible the promises that had sustained her life, and never wearied of telling them the wondrous story of God's providence

to her and her kinsfolk who had passed on before—how He had brought them across the sea, and kept them amid the perils of the city and the wilderness, and given them a goodly heritage in this fair and fertile land. But chiefly she loved, as she sat in her high-backed arm-chair in the cheerful ingle-nook of the broad fireplace, to converse on the deep things of God with the itinerant Methodist missionaries who found beneath the hospitable roof a home in their wanderings, and to learn of the wondrous growth throughout all the frontier settlements of that system of Methodism of which she had providentially been the foundress in the two great countries which divide between them this North American Continent.

At length, like the sun calmly sinking, amid glories which seem like those of paradise, to his rest, so passed away this saint of God and true mother in Israel. She died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in the year 1804, having completed the full tale of threescore years and ten. "Her death," writes Dr. Abel Stevens, in his noble eulogy upon her character, "was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wildernesses of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many of the descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in our Church in Canada, and many more died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., has long filled the honourable position of treasurer and trustee steward of three of the large Methodist churches of Montreal.

The Rev. Dr. Carroll writes of a grandson of Paul and Barbara Heck: "He was a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry when he was called to his reward. He was eminently pious, a clear-headed theologian, and a preacher of promise. His father, Samuel Heck, was an eminent local preacher for more than forty years,

and by his consistency, earned the meed of universal respect; and from none more than from his immediate neighbours, to whom he preached nearly every second Sabbath during that whole period. Jacob Heck" (his brother), continues the writer, "was one of the best read men we ever had the happiness to converse with, and one whose conversation was as lively and playful as it was instructive. We never saw a finer old man. We can imagine we can now see his venerable white head, stooping form, and sparkling dark eyes, and also hear his ringing, hearty laugh. He showed his amiability by his fondness for little children, who were equally fond of him. The ten surviving grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck are pious, and many of their great-grandchildren also."

In the fifth volume of his invaluable "History of Canadian Methodism," Dr. Carroll has preserved a letter of the venerable Elder Case, in which he writes as follows:—

"A few years since I visited John Embury and his worthy companion. He was then ninety-eight years old. The scenes of early Methodism in New York were revived in his recollections, and he referred to them as readily as if they had recently occurred. He said: 'My uncle, Philip Embury, was a great man—a powerful preacher—a very powerful preacher. I had heard many ministers before, but nothing reached my heart till I heard my Uncle Philip preach. I was then about sixteen. The Lord has since been my trust and portion. I am now ninety-eight.—Yes, my Uncle Philip was a great preacher.' After this interview he lived about a year, and died suddenly, as he arose from prayer in his family, at the age of ninety-nine. The Emburys, Detlors, Millers, Maddens, Switzers, of Bay of Quinté, are numerous and pious, some of them ministers of the Gospel—all firmly grounded in Methodism. Their Palatine origin is prominent in their health, integrity, and industry, and their steadfast piety. The parents are gone, and the sons have followed them in the way of holiness to glory; but a numerous train of grandchildren are pursuing the Christian course 'their fathers trod'—intelligent, pious, and wealthy. 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'"

On the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the

most hallowed spots in the broad area of our country. Here, on gently rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre" in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in two hemispheres as the mother of Methodism on this continent. This spot, known as the "Old Blue Church Yard," takes its name from an ancient church, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which covered this now sacred scene were cleared away by the hands which have long since ceased from their labour and been laid to rest in the quiet of these peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbours and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Switzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart to God and her hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awake them, the bodies of several of the early Palatine Methodists and of many of their descendants, who by their patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day.

"Canada," writes one who well knew this spot and loved to moralize among its memory-haunted tombs, "is highly honoured in having the guardianship of the sacred dust of persons who were instrumental in kindling that fire which has broken forth into such a glorious conflagration on this continent. It is, however," he adds, "to the shame of Canadian Methodists that no worthy memorial has been erected to the honour of Paul and Barbara Heck." Let this simple story be in sort a brief memorial raised by a reverent hand to the memory of a woman to whom Canada—to whom America—owes more than to any other of her sex.

The Methodists of the United States worthily honoured the memory of Barbara Heck, on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that land, by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois—founded through the munificence of a Methodist lady—to be known for ever as HECK HALL. Thus do two devout women, one the heir of lowly toil, the other the daughter of luxury and wealth, join hands across the century, and their names and virtues are commemorated, not by a costly

but useless pillared monument, but by a "home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies."

"Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble; as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As we contemplate the lowly life of this true mother in Israel, and the marvellous results of which she was providentially the initiating cause, we cannot help exclaiming, in devout wonder and thanksgiving, "What hath God wrought!" In the United States and Canada there is at this moment, as the outgrowth of the seed sown in weakness over a century ago, a great Church organization, like a vast banyan tree, overspreading the continent, beneath whose broad canopy ten millions of souls, as members or adherents, or one-fourth the entire population, enrol themselves by the name of Methodists. The solitary testimony of Philip Embury has been succeeded by that of a great army of fifteen thousand local preachers, and nearly as many ordained ministers. Over two hundred Methodist colleges and academies unite in hallowed wedlock the principles of sound learning and vital godliness. Nearly half a hundred newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, together with a whole library of books of Methodist authorship, scatter broadcast throughout the land the religious teachings of which those lowly Palatines were the first representatives in the New World.

In these marvellous achievements we find ground not for vaunting and vain glory, but for devout humility and thankfulness to God. To all who bear the name of Methodist come with peculiar appropriateness the words of Holy Writ: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence. . . . He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

As we dwell with devout gratitude on these hallowed results, we should realize more than ever our obligations to those devout founders of empire and pioneers of religion, the Palatine Methodists of Canada. Reverently let us mention their names, lovingly let us cherish their memory, lightly let us tread upon their ashes. To them may we well apply the glowing words addressed in patriotic verse* to the United Empire Loyalists who left their homes and estates, and fared forth into voluntary exile in the unknown wilderness of this then unexplored land—with which eloquent words we close our tale:

Dear were the homes where they were born,
 Where slept their honoured dead;
 And rich and wide, on every side,
 Their fruitful acres spread;
 But dearer to their faithful hearts,
 Than home and gold and lands,
 Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
 And Britain's flag of long renown,
 And grip of British hands.

With high resolve they looked their last
 On home and native land,
 And sore they wept o'er those that slept
 In honoured graves that must be kept
 By grace of stranger's hand.
 They looked their last and got them out
 Into the wilderness;
 The stern old wilderness,

* By the Rev. Leroy Hooker, in the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for June, 1878.

All dark, and rude, and unsubdued ;
 The savage wilderness,
 Where wild beasts howled, and Indians prowled ;
 The lonely wilderness,
 Where social joys must be forgot,
 And budding childhood grow untaught ;
 Where hopeless hunger might assail
 Should autumn's promised fruitage fail ;
 Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
 Might slay some dear one at its will ;
 Where they must lay their dead away
 Without a man of God to say
 The solemn words that Christian men
 Have learned to love so well ;—but then,
 'Twas British wilderness !
 Where they might sing " God save the King,"
 And live protected by his laws
 And loyally uphold his cause ;
 O, welcome wilderness !

These be thy heroes, Canada !
 These men who stood when pressed,
 Not in the fevered pulse of strife
 When foeman thrusts at foeman's life,
 But in that sterner test
 When wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
 And right must toil for daily bread,
 And men must choose between ;
 When wrong in lordly mansion lies,
 And right must shelter 'neath the skies,
 And men must choose between ;
 When wrong is cheered on every side,
 And right is cursed and crucified,
 And men must choose between.

THE END.

DEATH.

O CHANGE ! O wond'rous change !
 Burst are the prison bars !
 This moment there so low,
 So agonized—and now
 Beyond the stars.

—*Caroline Southey.*

JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

VI.

MISSIONS.



BRONZE STATUE OF DAIBUTZ.*

THE eighteenth century may be regarded as the period of modern missionary organization—most of the great Protestant missionary societies were instituted toward the close of the last century. The present century may be regarded as the period of missionary enterprise—more has been done within the last eighty years to carry the Gospel to the heathen than during any similar period since the days of the apostles. Christ, the true Light, has come to more hearts and to wider lands since this century

* This statue of Dai Butsu—*Great Buddah*—is erected at Kamakura, a small village near the sea shore, about fifteen miles from Yokohama. The approach to it is through a beautiful avenue of evergreens. A temple constructed of wood formerly stood over the image, and the foundation stones or sockets, in which the pillars were inserted, still remain. The temple was destroyed centuries ago, it is said, by a tidal wave, occasioned by an earthquake. It is not certainly known when the image was set up.

opened than in all previous centuries since the apostles left the earth.

Within a few years past the eyes of Christendom have been turned with uncommon interest upon New Japan—the most recent field of missionary enterprise. A field that in itself is of surpassing interest and beauty—an island empire with thirty-four millions of a population, governed by a hereditary monarchy that has ruled in unbroken succession through a period of over five and twenty centuries, and possessing a civilization and a culture altogether wonderful, and in some respects unique in the annals of the world. Once she unbarred her gates and gave a generous welcome to western commerce, and to the Christian religion; but when those who came to vend their wares and to propagate their faith began to meddle with her politics and liberties, she rose up with a stern purpose, drove them forth, locked her ports, and for a period of two centuries and a half the barriers of prejudice against the very name Christian has kept Japan hermetically sealed. Slowly now before our eyes, under the genial light and warmth of a Christianity more Christian, this barrier is melting away.

That was an age of daring and intrigue on the part of papal Rome. The Reformation in Europe was shaking to its very foundations the colossal structure of the temporal power at home; and the agents of the new Society of Jesus were busy laying the foundations of another—and as they hoped, grander empire—beyond the seas. While Xavier was embarking for the conquest of Japan, other members of the same fraternity were disputing with the learned scholars at the Court of Akbar—the greatest of the house of Timour Kahn. Others again were

As nearly as I could ascertain, it was about 500 years ago. The material is an alloy of copper, tin, and a little gold. Though it has stood a long time without any covering, exposed to all the storms that blow, it seems to have suffered no damage. It is a hollow figure, and inside are numerous small shrines. Both natives and foreigners have been in the habit of writing their names on the copper walls—there are several strata of such sign-manuals. The dimensions of the image are as follows: height of body, 45 feet; length of face, 8 feet 6 inches; length of ears, 6 feet; length of nose, 3 feet 10 inches; width of mouth, 3 feet, 4 inches; diameter from knee to knee, 36 feet; circumference of thumb, 3 feet. The posture is, according to Buddhist ideas, that of the purified soul in Niwana. A larger, more costly and beautiful image may be seen in a temple at Nara, near Kiyoto.

in the suite of the warlike Manchu Tartars, urging them to the conquest of the empire of China, while at the same time they were fanning the hopes of the falling Chinese dynasty of Ming. In Africa they were counselling the Emperor of Abyssinia to war against his own subjects for the unity of the Catholic faith, just as they were inciting armed assassins to slay the King of France and the Prince of Orange, and maturing a conspiracy to blow up by gunpowder the King and Parliament of England. We find them also, at the same time, seeking for the sources of the Nile, exploring the Canadian lakes, ascending the Amazon and the La Plata, and bringing to Europe the fever-healing bark of the cinchona tree.

Once again commerce has knit the fortunes of Japan to those of the western world. This time Protestant Christianity, with an open Bible and the Gospel of a free and full salvation, has entered in and claims the whole empire for Christ. It has been said the history of Christian missions in the South Sea Islands forms the twenty-ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. If this be so, the thirtieth chapter is likely to be written in Japan. In February, 1854, Commodore Perry, with a squadron of seven ships of war, came to anchor in the Bay of Yedo, and on the 31st of March following a treaty was agreed upon, by which certain ports were opened for residence and commerce. Treaties with other nations quickly followed. The Japanese sought earnestly to have it stipulated in these treaties that Christianity should not be introduced; but this was resisted firmly by all the representatives of Christian nations, and was finally withdrawn. No formal liberty was secured for subjects of Japan to embrace Christianity, or for missionaries to propagate its doctrines, but the custom of trampling on the cross was abolished, and one clause stipulated that nothing should be done "calculated to excite religious animosity." Christian missionaries could enter the empire only as citizens of nations in treaty with Japan. They could, however, reside at the open ports, study the language, and thus prepare themselves for future labours; and they might find the way opening up, incidentally, for more or less direct opportunity to preach the Gospel of the blessed God.

Such was the situation when the societies of England and America turned their attention toward Japan. The agents of these societies entered this new field in the following order:

The American Protestant Episcopal Church, the American Presbyterian Church, and the Reformed Church in America, in 1859. The American Baptist Mission, in 1860. The Church Missionary Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in 1869. The (American) Woman's Union Missionary Society for Heathen Lands, in 1871. The American Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Church of Canada, in 1873. The Edinburgh Medical Mission and the United Presbyterian Mission of Scotland, in 1874. The Evangelical Association of North America, in 1876. The Cumberland Presbyterian Mission, in 1877. The English Baptist Missionary Society, in 1878; and the Reformed Church in the U. S. of America, in 1879. In all, ten American and six British societies. Besides these, the three great Bible Societies—the British and Foreign, the American, and the National Bible Society of Scotland, are there in full strength, helping to translate and disseminate the Word of God. The aggregate statistics of these missions, as given in the annual "Report of the Evangelical Alliance of Japan for 1879," are as follows: Male missionaries, 79; female missionaries, 40; total, 119. Stations where missionaries reside, 36; organized Churches, 64; Churches wholly self-supporting, 13; baptized adult converts, 2,701; theological schools, 4; theological students, 87. Girls' schools, 15; pupils, 491. Boys' schools, 14; pupils, 590. Sunday-schools, 63; scholars, 2,511. Ordained native pastors, 16; unordained native pastors and catechists, 94. Bible-women, 24. Hospitals, 2; in-patients treated, 280. Dispensaries, 5; patients treated, 1,328. Medical students, 26. Contributions of Church members during the year for all purposes, \$3,189.36.

Eight years ago the Methodist Church of Canada gave a special subscription of over a thousand dollars, as an expression of goodwill and a guarantee of future support toward the establishment of a Foreign Mission. Japan was chosen as the field in which to begin this mission; two missionaries were appointed as the first contingent, and on the 30th of June, 1873, they landed at Yokohama, and received the cordial welcome of the agents of other societies who were there before them to a share in the privilege of labouring for the evangelization of Japan.

In a few days after our arrival we were settled in our own

"hired house," on the "Legation Bluff," and began at once the study of the language, as we desired, with the least possible delay, to speak to the people in their own tongue of the "wonderful works of God." We found it a much more difficult language to master than we anticipated. It has two forms, a colloquial and a written, and these differ so much the one from the other, that the student requires for each a separate grammar and dictionary. The colloquial has a curious variety of forms suited to the rank of the speaker and of the person spoken to. It makes a vast difference in the form of the expression to be used whether one is speaking to a superior, to an equal, or to an inferior; and as the people are very fastidious in the use of these various forms, some acquaintance with them is essential before one can venture much in the way of public discourse. We found some foreigners, however, who had overcome the chief difficulties, and were speaking almost with the accuracy and readiness of natives. This gave us encouragement to persevere. We could understand somewhat the experience of John Elliott, sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1646, as a missionary to the North American Indians. By eighteen years' hard labour he mastered the language, and translated the whole Bible, and when asked how he kept up his courage during the weary toil, he answered, "Prayers and pains, with faith in Christ Jesus, will accomplish anything."

The language of books is briefer and terser than the colloquial, and more largely mixed with the Chinese element, introduced over a thousand years ago. The Chinese has rendered to the Japanese language and literature a service something like that which Latin and Greek have rendered to our own. Our chief difficulty in learning to read their books arose from the diversity of forms used in the written character. The Japanese, until quite recently, printed from engraved blocks instead of type. In preparing to publish a new book, a scribe whose handwriting happens to suit the taste of the author or publisher, is employed to make a fair copy; this is pasted on wooden blocks, which are placed in the hands of engravers, and from these blocks the impressions are taken in such numbers as may be required. Thus printed books appear in the handwriting of different scribes, and it would seem that the more complicated the writing, the more of the scholar it shows in the copyist; so that the reading

of each successive book, for some time at least, involves a labour almost equivalent to that of learning a new alphabet. Metal type is now largely introduced.

The residence of foreigners in Japan is restricted, except in the case of Government employees, to the open ports. There is in the treaties a stipulation known as the "Ex-territoriality Clause," by which foreign residents are taken from under Japanese jurisdiction and placed under the laws of the nations to which they respectively belong. This is the great barrier to the opening of the country. The proud Government of the Mikado's empire regard it as a humiliation in the eyes of the world, and until it is eliminated from the treaties they refuse to grant liberty of residence and travel except under severe restrictions. On the other hand, the Treaty Powers are inflexible, as they consider the administration of justice in Japan not yet sufficiently assimilated to that of Christian countries to warrant the concession required; and in this judgment I believe they are perfectly right. The time has not yet come for any of the eastern nations—Chinese, Corean, or Japanese—to receive jurisdiction over the subjects of Christian Powers.

In the open ports the missionaries have free access to the people; they can hold preaching services and Bible classes, and even build churches under native patronage, no man forbidding them. But some, rather than wait at the open ports, have taken situations as teachers in public or private schools, by permission of the Government, and thus secure liberty to reside beyond the treaty limits, and to preach the Gospel in places where otherwise Christ could not have been made known.

In the month of October, 1873, I made my first journey into the interior of the country, going as far as the city of Shidzuoka, about a hundred miles south-west of Yokohama by the Tokaido—*Sea Coast*—road; and shortly after my return I received a letter from Mr. Hitomi, one of the principal men of the city, asking me to take charge of a school, with the offer of a salary, and permission to preach the Gospel. Unable to accept this invitation, I handed it over to my friend and colleague, the Rev. D. McDonald, M.D.; and after some correspondence and personal negotiation, he resolved to enter this open door. In April, 1874, accompanied by his excellent wife, he went to live in Shidzuoka, where he continued to labour with untiring zeal and

much success during a period of four years ; laying the foundations of the first native Church in Japan, outside of treaty limits.

Shidzuoka is pleasantly situated, a few miles from the sea, on a rich plain through which flows the river Abe, a considerable stream. At the back of the city is a range of high hills, rising almost to the dignity of mountains. On either side are extensive rice fields, bounded by sentinel hills that circle round toward the shore. The foreground is defended by undulating ranges of lesser bluffs, and away to the north-east, overtopping all, rises the majestic cone of the incomparable Fujisan. The mountains and hills around Shidzuoka furnish a fair specimen of the agriculture of Japan. Some of them are terraced to the height of over a thousand feet. The terraces in many places are supported by strong stone walls, from five to fifteen feet high. On the level plateaus thus formed the people cultivate rice, cotton, indigo, the egg-plant, sweet potatoes, tobacco, buckwheat, and sundry vegetables too numerous to mention. Among the flora of the district may be seen the orange, persimmon, oil-nut tree, tea-plant, plum, cherry, together with numerous conifers and ever-green flowering shrubs, adorning many a quiet vale and mountain slope. The camphor tree abounds in this neighbourhood, and the rude method of extracting the gum is a curiosity. A huge kettle, filled with small chips of camphor wood, is set in an arch over a fire. Water enough to thoroughly steam the wood is introduced, the mouth of the kettle is covered with a closely-fitting lid, and the steam is conducted by a small wooden tube into a condenser, which consists of a box partly immersed in water, and with a thin sheet of water flowing over the top of it. Here the gum is crystallized, but it is thought that at least forty-five per cent. of it is lost by this imperfect machinery. Still they gather it in large quantities, and sell it in the crude form very cheap.

The city itself is full of historic interest. Here is the old castle of Iyeyasu, with triple walls and moats, now in a state of picturesque decay. The central tower, once a strong, grand citadel, is a total ruin, inhabited by foxes and badgers. The space inclosed is nearly a mile square, and is turned to account as a tea plantation. From this stronghold of the Shogunate, early in the seventeenth century, there emanated the decree, "*The corrupt Christian sect is strictly prohibited;*" and here only a few years

ago there was planted a Christian Church, whose faith is spoken of throughout the whole empire. Shortly after Dr. McDonald's work began to attract the attention of the people, the native priesthood in alarm carried a document round to every householder, asking each to affix his name and seal to a covenant that bound him not to listen to the words of the Christian teacher. Some complied, but others refused, saying, "This religion is sure to prevail, and if we do not listen to it our children will, and we shall be laughed at for our ignorance and fear." Since the removal of Dr. McDonald, the Church in Shidzuoka, under a native pastorate, with occasional visits from the missionary, is carrying on aggressive work for Christ, and continues to flourish, with every prospect of a large and healthy growth.

It was our first intention that I should remain in Yokohama, and that Dr. McDonald should go to Tokio, and while the arrangement with Shidzuoka was still in uncertainty, he felt it to be his duty to take up temporary quarters in the capital; but when he removed into the interior I concluded to make Tokio the headquarters of our mission, and accordingly entered into an arrangement by which Government permission was secured for my residence in Koishikawa, a district of the city about three miles outside of the foreign settlement called Tsukiji. We spent five years in Tokio, and the hand of the Lord was with us. Many received the testimony at our lips, and were baptized into the Church of Christ; some have gone to be with Christ; others counted faithful have been put into the ministry; most remain until this day. The love-feast at which I took my farewell of the Church in Tokio, the Sabbath before I left Japan, was a service which I shall never forget. Though the rain was coming down in torrents, we had a company of over fifty in our little church at Ushigome, and testimonies were given in rapid succession, with moistened eyes and choked utterance, to the power of saving grace and to the blessedness of Christ's service, such as it has never been my privilege to hear surpassed. My heart was moved with devout thankfulness that I had been permitted to carry the message of God's love in Christ to this people.

We were greatly cheered by the coming of the Revs. G. M. Meacham, M.A., and C. S. Eby, B.A., with their families, to join our mission. They landed at Yokohama on the 8th of Sep-

tember, 1876. Mr. Meacham went in a few days to Numadzu, a town on the Tokaido, within thirty-six miles of Shidzuoka, where he took charge of an academy, on terms of agreement to continue two years. He had free access to the people, and by the help of good interpreters was able at once to preach the Gospel to overflowing congregations of deeply interested hearers. The way of the Lord had been already somewhat prepared; many had heard a little in other places, and greatly desired to hear fully, and now that the Gospel had come to their own town they received the word with all readiness of mind, and the heart of the missionary was comforted amidst the loneliness and isolation of a sudden transfer from the front rank of a happy pastoral life at home, to the very depths of heathen darkness and idolatry in a foreign land. The planting of a Church which, after some sifting and many severe trials, continues still to prosper and grow, was counted full compensation for the toil and self-denial. The burning of the Academy buildings, together with financial reverses that came upon the friends and supporters of the enterprise, rendered it necessary for Mr. Meacham to withdraw before the expiration of his contract. But he was greatly needed in Tokio to assist in the training of young men raised up by the Lord of the harvest, and most eager to acquire knowledge that might fit them for putting in the sickle. The most important work of the missionary is the teaching of those whom the Lord is sending forth into the vast fields that "are white already to harvest." And as no one can do this efficiently alone, I am glad to learn that our missionaries are about to concentrate in Tokio for the purpose of carrying on this work.

Mr. Eby remained with me until April, 1877, when he was induced to take a situation as teacher in the city of Kofu, the capital of Yamanashi Ken, about eighty miles west of Tokio. Kofu is delightfully situated on the northern limit of a large and fertile plain, completely environed by a mountain wall, beyond and above which Fuji lifts his solitary and imperial head. Mr. Eby lives in the midst of the city, "in his own hired house," a tolerably comfortable semi-native dwelling, with chapel attached, and furnishing, at a moderate rent, just about the accommodation needed to begin with. His labours have been crowned with great success; a Church has been planted, which gives promise of a prosperous future. Calls came in from towns and villages

situated in other parts of the plain, and of the mountains round about, and a number of preaching stations were established, where large assemblies hear the word with gladness. Mr. Eby writes me that he is perhaps the first Circuit rider in Japan, as he has found it necessary to provide a horse in order to get around his charge.

After six years' connection with this first foreign mission of our Church, I withdrew, not from choice, but by reason of affliction. I am thankful to have seen the blessing on our labours which has spread the work into these four eligible stations ; with encouraging assemblies, who listen attentively to the preaching of the Word ; with Sabbath-schools in which old and young are learning lessons of divine truth ; with a native ministry of much promise raised up to spread the work.

I am sure there is no need that I should exhort the Methodist Church of Canada to send the warm currents of her Christian love across the broad Pacific, to cheer and strengthen her agents yonder in the work, which is not one whit more their work than it is her own. It would be impossible for me to tell how much we were comforted in all our toil and isolation by the knowledge we had that we shared unceasingly in the sympathy and prayers of the Church at home. Though separated by nearly a third of the circumference of the globe, we felt that the bond of union, with all we loved and longed for in the dear land we still called home, had only waxed the stronger. We realized how true it is that bonds of spiritual kinship make nothing of such barriers as dividing mountains and estranging seas. We never for one moment doubted that we carried with us the assured support and generous sympathy of the whole Church, as we went forth to plant her first foreign mission in the Empire of the Rising Sun ; and if any amongst us were haunted with the ghost of a suspicion as to the timeliness of the venture, or the disposition to withdraw because we had fallen upon trying times and a depleted treasury, I am quite sure they must have been completely disenchanted by the decision of the General Conference ; and those brethren served us better than they knew who were the occasion of evoking from that body so strong and hearty an expression of the purpose of the Methodist Church of Canada to maintain her mission in Japan.

This is the golden opportunity for Christian work in that

country; an opportunity for which angels might well be ready to exchange their thrones of light. The ploughshare of recent revolution has freshly turned up the soil; into the furrows a noble band of Christian workers are casting the imperishable seed; the dews of heavenly grace, the early and the latter rain of spiritual influence, are watering it. The patient Sun of Righteousness warms and cheers it to its ripening. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

We entered Japan just as the time was ripe for Christian work. The impenetrable mystery was solved; the inscrutable darkness was past; the veil of obscurity was uplifted. The Ruler had come forth from the sanctity in which superstition had for long ages enshrouded him. The nation that had slept her heavy sleep, disturbed by evil dreams of anarchy and blood, through the age-long darkness, was now waking up and bursting the mummy cerements of a meaningless and obstinate conservatism that had bound her hand and foot for more than a thousand years. The bright dawn of a better day had already "shuddered through the gloom." The Word of God was already in her hands; the Gospel of a new life was speaking to her heart; she was lifting up her head, and her redemption was drawing nigh.

Japan has already achieved a progress which is a marvel in our eyes. Great capacities for improvement have been manifested by her people. She gives promise of the largest growth of minds. She has adopted the leading features of western material civilization. She has called to her assistance the most competent instructors she could find in Europe and America. Her army and navy are reorganized and equipped on the basis of French and English drill. She has a large fleet of steamships and sailing vessels, forming a respectable naval and mercantile marine. Her coast is furnished with a system of modern light-houses, sufficient for the safety of such as navigate her dangerous seas. She has railways, telegraphs, a complete and thoroughly efficient postal system, including the money order and savings bank. Her school system is a marvel for the time; within a few years common schools, academies, normal schools, and the university, have spread a net-work of educational operations over all the land, and their advantages are placed within the

reach of the very poorest, without respect to grade or class; and in the schools of Yokohama a Japanese translation of the New Testament has been introduced. She encourages art and industry by a system of public exhibitions and prizes, equal to the best in western lands. Her Vice-Minister of Education, Mr. Tanaka, informed me that he visited Canada and greatly admired her schools. In the Hakubutsukuan—*Educational Museum*—in Tokio, filled with school apparatus from foreign parts, I saw upon the walls, pictures and photographs of educational buildings from many lands, and amongst them were some of our own Canadian institutions in the highest place of honour.

But there are dangers to Japan, arising from the natural temperament of her people and the critical condition of her civil affairs, which renders the present a period of more than ordinary peril in her history. It rarely happens that a great step in human progress can be made without multitudes of victims. Each pulling down of outworn institutions is sure to bring distress and suffering to that generation, however much of good it may secure to the next. Every great change of opinions is sure to bring to many the distress of doubt. Every revolution, however beneficent its results, involves a pitiful sacrifice of life and happiness. And who can tell the evils Japan may yet be called to suffer from the spirit of anarchy and misguided counsels, before she has safely passed the gulf between her ancestral feudalism and constitutional freedom. Whoever looks upon her to-day, beholds in her broken clans, filled with petty jealousy and mutual fear, something that resembles a collection of molecules floating about without cohesion, awaiting for their crystallization the flash of some electric spark. Give her the Gospel of the blessed God, and it will furnish the moral thrill for which she waits. Put an open Bible into her hands, and it will breathe into her soul the love of free enquiry, accompanied by the grace that renews the heart; and this will mould her plastic nature to the virtues that are heavenly, ensuring a liberty that will not degenerate into license. It will weave into the fabric of her constitution and national laws the principles of the "Kingdom that cannot be moved," and this truly ancient Oriental Empire will renew her youth, and endure with vigour to the last courses of the sun.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

THE angel has come down,
 The glory now has shone,
 The shepherds see the light and hear the voice,
 Fear not ; behold I bring
 Glad tidings of your King ;
 Let all the nations of the earth rejoice.

Sing a new song to-night,
 Sing, all ye stars of light,
 The Lord of glory leaves His glorious heaven :
 To earth behold Him come
 From His celestial home ;
 To us a Child is born, a Son is given.

O music of the past !
 The sweetest and the last
 Of all the notes of ages gone is this,
 That tells of the great birth,
 That sings of peace on earth,
 And man restored to more than primal bliss.

O lingering night ! speed on.
 Arise, thou golden sun,
 And bring up in its joy the day of days,
 When the Eternal Word,
 Creation's King and Lord,
 Takes flesh that He may flesh to glory raise.

O wailing winds ! be still,
 O'er sea and plain and hill ;
 O storm and thunder ! cease your tumult, cease ;
 And breathe thou loving gale,
 Thy odors soft exhale,
 To greet the coming of the Prince of Peace.

He comes to breathe our air,
 Our very flesh to wear ;
 He comes to die our death, to bear our load ;
 He comes to still our fears,
 To wipe our falling tears,
 To heal and bless—Jesus, the Son of God !

Sing out, ye sons of men,
 A louder, loftier strain !
 Lift up your voice, O happy Bethlehem !
 Let psalm and hymn ascend,
 And with the incense blend,
 Arising from thy shrine, Jerusalem !

—Bonar.

PRAYER-MEETING THOUGHTS.

—The readiest and best way to find out what future duty will be is to do present duty.

—He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*George Herbert*.

—Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant move the heart of Omnipotence?—*Thompson*.

—John Calvin has said, "I have not so great a struggle with my vices, great and numerous as they are, as I have with my impatience."

—He who can fully embrace these two propositions—God loves us, and God desires our love—will find but little difficulty in the mysteries of religion.

—The Holy Scriptures are full of truths which cannot well be received and appreciated except in connection with an inward experience corresponding to them.

—"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." There are some people who are always to be seen where there is anything to be heard, never where there is anything to be done. They are all ears and no hands.

—God's ear lies close upon our lips. He is always listening. Our thoughts often speak to Him as loudly as words, our sufferings louder than words. His ear is never taken away; "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

—God's Word has two edges; it can cut back-stroke and fore-stroke. If it do thee no good, it will do thee hurt; it is the savour of life unto life to those that receive it, but of death unto death to them that refuse it.—*Bunyan*.

—Pious Icelanders when waking in the morning do not salute any one in the house till, after hastening to the door, they have lifted up their eyes in silent prayer. Returning into the house they greet every one with "God grant you a good day!"

—The precious blood of Jesus adapts itself with changeful uniformity to every age. It is always old and always new. It is the one salvation. It is co-extensive with civilization. The world never exhausts its abundance or outgrows its necessity.

—Christ is multiplied in His people ; Christ multiplied and diversified in His people into a manifold multitude which no man can number, “of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues.” And yet they are all one. Christ, who is the body ; the body, which is Christ, is one.

—The following beautiful petition was found among the papers of the Duchess of Gordon after her death : “O Lord, give me grace to feel my need of thy grace ; give me grace to ask for thy grace ; give me grace to receive thy grace ; and when in thy grace thou hast given me grace, give me grace to use thy grace.”

—I saw on the sea-shore a holy man who had been torn by a tiger, and could get no salve to heal his wounds. For a length of time he suffered much pain, and was all along offering thanks to the Most High. They asked him, saying, “Why are you so grateful ?” He answered, “God be praised that I am overtaken with misfortune, not with sin.”—*Saadi*.

—If we could be thoroughly persuaded that we are indebted to Christ for our life, and its preservation from a thousand dangers every day, all the rest of our sojourn here would be a song of praise to Him ; every thought would be the waking of a sweet melody to the name of Jesus, and every step would be the starting of a stately psalm to our exalted Head who made us, and who has given His angels charge over us in all our ways, to bear us up in their arms, lest at any time we dash our foot against a stone.—*Dickson*.

—I like that saying of Martin Luther where he says, “I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours’ prayer.” Now, most people would say, “I have so much business to do to-day that I have only three minutes for prayer. I cannot afford the time.” But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic ; may we understand it ! “Prayer and provender hinder no man’s journey.” If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier’s to have his horse’s shoe fastened ; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a far more serious kind.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

" Ut arborum folia sic vitæ nostræ."

NOVEMBER winds blow with a wintry blast,
 The leaves fly like our lives, and unredeemed
 Goes minute after minute once that gleamed
 Bright in the future, now dark in the past.
 In these Sibylline books, with eyes downcast,
 We read a blotted page ; not as we dreamed
 To find it when in youth our morning beamed
 Before grey Amalthæa gripped us fast.
 And yet, O Lord ! our task be done ere night
 Sets in, when no man works, whate'er the pay,
 Little or much, rewarded as is right
 By God the Just, who measures out our day ;
 By God the Merciful, who pays us still,
 If at the eleventh hour we do His will !

NIAGARA, *November 12th, 1880.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

DEATHS OF J. B. MORROW, REV. S. COLEY, AND SIR F. LYCETT.

Canadian Methodism has lost another tried and true friend in the death of J. B. Morrow, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Probably no man in the community in which he lived was more highly esteemed or will be more deeply regretted. He was a man who, like our own Robert Wilkes in the west, combined diligence in business with fervour of spirit—in all things serving the Lord. He took an active interest in every good work, was a member of the last General Conference, and a local preacher of our Church, and the very Sunday night before he died preached with great fervour and acceptance in one of our churches. At a memorial service held in the Hall of the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr.

Morrow was an active member, the Hon. Senator Shannon bore the following testimony to his Christian character :

He stated that his earliest recollection of the family of the deceased was in the stirring times when, as a boy, he remembered Cunard's wharf thronged with East Indiamen, landing their cargoes of tea direct from China ; and when the late Sir Samuel Cunard, one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of our merchants, was conducting his extensive business in Halifax and the Maritime Provinces. At that time, Mr. Morrow's father, who was a brother-in-law of Sir Samuel, was his chief clerk. He resided near Mr. S., who had an opportunity of seeing the

children as they grew up. James was a bright, intelligent boy from his earliest years. He was sent to England for his education, where—either there or in France—he must have acquired his admirable acquaintance with the French language, which was of so much service to him when he afterwards became Vice-Consul of France in Halifax. After his return from England he became a clerk in the establishment of S. Cunard & Co. At the age of sixteen the deceased was a fine, handsome young man, and open to all the temptations and allurements of worldly society. There came to him, as there comes to every young man, the necessity of making his choice between God and the world. He chose the former. He was then aided in his choice by the late Francis Johnson, who had come to this Province as a soldier in the 34th Regiment, and subsequently became an officer of the Customs' department at Cunard's wharf. Johnson was a devoted soldier of Christ, and was always ready to speak a word for Him under all circumstances. The deceased was in constant employment on the wharf, where he came in contact with the precious counsel of Johnson, and, largely by his instrumentality, chose the better path. Trained up under the influence of Johnson, who was his class-leader, he soon developed useful talents for the use of the Church, and eventually, when only eighteen years of age, he became a local preacher in the Methodist denomination, and in this way constantly took part in religious efforts in the city and its vicinity. His last public utterances took place on the Sunday previous to his death. His life in connection with the Association was well known to all present, and had been amply referred to by the President. It was a life of devotion to the cause of God. Though he was one of the most active business men in the community, he was equally active in his Master's service. If there was one passage in the Bible which more than another described the career of our lamented brother, it was that referring to Enoch, "who walked with God, and was not, for God took

him." Mr. Morrow walked with God during all his Christian career, not only on Sunday, but on every week day. "He was not, for God took him." He little thought, when he stepped into the train on Thursday afternoon, that the heavenly chariot was waiting for him at Londonderry. Some might wish that an expression of his faith had been given in his last moments. It was not necessary. His last words had been spoken, his labours were ended, and on Friday, September 10th, God took him.

Many of our readers, especially those of Toronto and Montreal, will remember the Rev. Samuel Coley, who attended the last General Conference as the representative of the British Conference. News has just come to hand that he has "passed on before." For many years he occupied the best appointments in connection with the Conference, and for seven years he was theological tutor at Headingly College. For several years his health has not been good, and it was hoped that his voyage to Canada would have benefited him, but at the Conference of 1880 he was obliged to retire. Had his health permitted, in all probability he would have been elected to the Presidential chair; but the Master has called him to a higher position. He was a popular preacher, and was the author of the "Life of the Rev. Thomas Collins," one of the choicest biographies of Methodism. He was only fifty-five years of age, and had been in the ministry thirty-four years.

Sir Francis Lycett is also numbered with the sainted dead. Sir Francis died the day previous to Mr. Coley, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. He was one of the princes in Methodism, and for many years had occupied a prominent position among the laity of the Church. While he was a most liberal contributor to all the funds of the Church, he will be best known by his generous efforts for securing additional places of worship in London. The Metropolitan Chapel Fund may be regarded as Sir Francis' monument. May his mantle fall on the wealthy sons of Methodism!

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We think the announcement for the coming year in our advertising pages the most attractive that we have ever made; and we trust that the volumes for the year will be the most successful, as they will be the most deserving of success, of the entire series. That this result may take place requires the kind co-operation of many friends. If our readers can honestly speak well of this MAGAZINE, please do so; and show it to your neighbours, and use your best endeavours to increase its circulation. This is now our great need. One new subscription from each circuit will make it an assured success. Let each one who reads these words try to send that subscription. The splendid premium offered will make it easier than ever before to obtain them. Read our announcement of premium, and review of the work in our Book Notices. We are especially dependent on the kind services of the ministers who have so nobly aided us in the past, and whose aid we are confident will not be wanting in the future.

OUR CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

For the benefit of our readers we have made arrangements whereby

we can supply the leading monthlies at much less than the usual rate.

Scribner & Co. make a special offer this year. We will send the twelve numbers of their *Monthly*, commencing with November, 1880, (the beginning of a new volume) for \$3, in addition to the subscription to this MAGAZINE, which is one-fourth off the regular price. For \$5 we will send twenty-one numbers, beginning with the February number for 1880, giving the whole of Schuyler's splendidly illustrated History of Peter the Great, being \$2 less than regular rates.

Harpers' Monthly we will send for \$3, in addition to subscription to our own magazine—one-fourth off regular rates.

Littell's Living Age, sixty-four pages weekly, gives reprints of articles by ablest living writers, will be sent for \$7—full price \$8.

The *Atlantic Monthly* depends on its high-class quality without illustrations. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Howells, Mrs. Stowe, and other foremost writers are its contributors—will be sent for \$3.25; full price \$4.

We will send the American reprints of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Contemporary Review* for \$2 each.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., President of the Conference, is holding Evangelistic services at various centres of England. Those at City Road Chapel, London, and Oldham Street, Manchester, were seasons of special power.

From the monthly *Missionary Notices* we learn that there are open doors in India and China which cannot be entered in consequence of the

Committee's resources not being adequate to the augmented expenditure which would thereby be involved. The opening in China is especially of such a kind as should be immediately entered. An entire province is not only accessible, but the people appear to be eager for the Gospel.

Sir Francis Lycett has given another challenge to the Wesleyan Methodists of London, namely, to give \$25,000 to the Metropolitan

Chapel Building Fund, on condition that the erection of ten Methodist Chapels are commenced before July 31st, 1881.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The new Hymn Book has been very cordially received. The compilers deserve the thanks of the Church for the manner in which they have discharged their onerous duties. The book has already been adopted by several circuits, and in due time will be the only book of psalmody used by the churches of all the Conferences in Canada.

In Newfoundland, Methodist schools containing 5,000 scholars are receiving aid from the Government. Rev. G. S. Milligan, M.A., is the General Superintendent, and from his report it appears that the schools are flourishing. A Methodist Academy and Training School is established in St. John's. The average attendance at the former last year was 290, with 18 regularly indentured pupil teachers, who were in attendance for training as teachers in the public schools. A Methodist Grammar School is also carried on at Carbonear.

Several brethren in Nova Scotia Conference, like some in Ontario, have been holding a Convention for the Promotion of Holiness. We regard the holding of such Conventions as omens of good. They partake of the spirit and genius of Methodism, the mission of which is the spread of scriptural holiness.

The brethren labouring on the Labrador Mission are true heroes. On the 18th of July, 1880, one of the Missionaries started for his distant field, when even at that season of the year he encountered large fields of ice, and for some days he was detained on his voyage with the thermometer only two degrees above the freezing point. He visited various harbours in the Straits of Belle Isle, and held religious services at every opportunity, sometimes on the deck of the vessel, with a pork-barrel for a reading-desk, and at other times he had a barrel of bread for a desk, which, it must be allowed, was very suggestive. The Mission-

ary also called at the houses of many of the poor settlers, and in every instance was received as a messenger of mercy. He pleads earnestly on behalf of the hundreds of poverty-stricken settlers who are scattered along the coasts of Labrador.

The Central Missionary Board recently held its annual meeting in Montreal. There were members present from all the Conferences. Dr. Douglas occupied the chair at all the sessions, which extended over four days. It was gratifying to the Board to learn that the debt of the Society had been extinguished, but the income of the past year was \$4,000 less than the preceding year, while the grant from the parent society was also withdrawn; so that the Board experienced almost insuperable difficulties in making appropriations to the various Missions. The requirements of the Society cannot well be met with an income much short of \$200,000; and until this amount is realized, the Missionaries, especially those who are stationed on Domestic Missions, will receive very small appropriations. There were several very interesting evidences of success detailed in the General Secretary's report; and were it not that there is such a depleted treasury, the work of extension, especially in the North-West, where the fields are white unto the harvest, could be prosecuted with vigour. Surely with a bountiful harvest there will be a greatly replenished treasury.

The French Missions in the city of Montreal never looked so cheering as at present. An Institute has been established in connection with Craig Street Church, which it is believed will be of great service. Already more applications for admittance have been received than can be entertained.

Chief Joseph has completed the translation of the Gospels into the language of the Oka Indians, and they are now being printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

There are fields of labour which the ladies of the Church can much more efficiently supply than men, such as making provision for the Girls' Home at Fort Simpson, Bri-

tish Columbia, and the Orphanage at Morley, in the North-West, both of which will become valuable auxiliaries to the work of the Church. As Women's Missionary Associations in connection with other Churches are accomplishing much good, it is hoped that the good sisters of the Methodist Church of Canada will not be backward in lending a helping hand.

As the writer was preparing these notes, he was delighted to receive a letter from his old friend and colleague, Rev. D. McDonald, M.D., from which the following extract is taken: "The Japanese are likely to do something in the way of Camp-meetings and Field-meetings in days to come. The native Christians of the different Churches concluded that the time had come when some sort of open testimony in favour of Christianity should be given in this city

(Tokio). They therefore arranged for an open-air meeting, which was held in the Ueno Park on Tuesday and Wednesday, 13th and 14th of October. The first day was rainy, but a large room was secured for the services. The next day, from 9 o'clock a.m. to 5 p.m., a congregation averaging about 3,000 was present. Sixteen speakers, missionaries and native preachers, addressed the multitude. As it was impossible for all to hear, a second preaching place was organized a short distance from the platform, and eight preachers addressed the people.

"Mr. Meacham and I, on behalf of the Tokio Committee of the London Tract Society, had charge of tract distribution. During the two days about 16,000 tracts were distributed.

"Thus in various ways the seed is being sown. A joyous reaping shall surely come."

BOOK NOTICES.

Matthew Mellowdew: A Story with more Heroes than One. By the Rev. J. JACKSON WRAY, author of "Nestleton Magna," etc. 12mo, 372 pages, illustrated. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris and New York. Price—full gilt, \$1.60; ungilt, \$1.20.

The author of this admirable story was for many years a leading member of the English Wesleyan Conference. Endowed in large degree with the ability to write a fascinating tale, he has sought to use that gift for the glory of God and the teaching of religious truth, in a manner so attractive that many who would be repelled by didactic discourses are allured and won by the rare interest of his stories. This tale is one of the best we have ever read. Its delineation of character is so graphic, its wit is so brilliant, its pathos so touching, its incidents so striking, its plot so ingenious, that one is held as by a spell from beginning to end. It is a rare pleasure to make the acquaintance of the worthy

Matthew Mellowdew, who abounds in wise saws and shrewd proverbs, and of the queer, eccentric, mirth-compelling Hector K. Franklin, the Yankee philosopher and merchant. The account of the blind girl restored to sight after hope long deferred, will touch every heart. The book has no lack of incident, the scenes being laid in an old cathedral city in England, in London, in Wales, at sea, in New York, and in San Francisco, and results in two happy marriages, a murder prevented, a villain foiled and converted, a prodigal son restored, and everybody made happy. The religious teaching is direct, forcible, and evangelical.

It is difficult to cull a representative extract, but the following criticism of a sermon on "The Lost Piece of Silver," gives a glimpse of our odd friend, Hector K. Franklin:

"He told us," said David [the repentant prodigal], "that the piece of silver represented a human soul; that it has an image and superscrip-

tion, defaced, rusted, cankered, distorted, but still with somewhat left of the image of God; but being lost, it could not restore itself, but must lie and be trampled on, but for the kindly hand that stoops and lifts it."

"Bishops and Bibles!" exclaimed Hector, "that's the point. Crushed, tarnished, blackened, battered,—there isn't a poor lost sinner that may not be brought back to God and truth. Boys! the man who has the sense of life's highest value, highest honour, and highest joy, is the man who hunts God's lost money—in ditch and kennel, in mud and mire—gropes and gathers, eager for the chance of putting God's treasure into His hands again. I guess it's the religious chiffonnier who is going to be the grandest up yonder. Sweep, boys, sweep! like the woman in the parable. Never mind the dust! Turn the house upside down, I say, and inside out, rather than leave one coin for the devil to gloat over, and the Saviour to mourn for."

The following is an extract from a letter of Matthew Mellowdew's, with Hector K.'s comments thereon:

"Remember always that prayer is the key of the day and the lock of the night, and that he is well guided whom God guides. I'm glad that you have joined a Christian Church. Soldiers in war time are safest in the ranks. Stragglers are picked off by sharpshooters. One sailor can't cross the sea alone, and the sea of life is still harder to navigate. Whatever you do, do right; that's a self-righting life-boat, and can't be swamped. Stick to a true friend; when found, hedge him round. Such don't come every day, any more than Sundays do."

"Nabobs and nobles!" said the delighted Yankee. "Did you say his name was Matthew? It ought to be Solomon! Rhyme and reason! Matthew is *mellow*, and no mistake. I must give him his *due*! Read on, Harry, read on; your friend is a peculiar combination of Plato and Benjamin Franklin, and of the Bible to boot."

But to be duly appreciated the book must be read through. This

pleasure all the subscribers to this Magazine for 1881 may have. For the small sum of Thirty Cents (which is just one-fourth of the regular price) an elegant cloth-bound copy will be sent post free. See publisher's announcement in Prospectus for 1881.

Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.

8vo, pp. 579. Harpers Brothers and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$3.25.

The theological writings of Horace Bushnell attract much less attention than they did fifteen years ago. At that time they exerted much influence, not altogether of a salutary sort. His views on the doctrine of the Trinity are open to objection, and indeed caused his arraignment for heresy. He argued in defence, that systematic orthodoxy is not attainable, and that human language is incapable of expressing with any exactness theological science.

This, however, is not the place for discussing his opinions. In this volume, the man as a diligent student, a faithful pastor, an original thinker, an eloquent writer, a public-spirited citizen, a loving husband and father, and a humble Christian, is set before us. His life was one long battle with disease, to find relief from which he travelled much in Europe and America. His letters of travel are one of the most interesting portions of the volume. In his feeble body a strong and eager soul and keen intellect were housed, and his indomitable will enabled him to accomplish an amount of literary and pastoral work that might put to shame many a halier man. The glimpses that we get of his life and character are very pleasing, and win that homage from our heart that our intellect cannot always give to his opinions.

His career furnishes its lessons of inspiration to young men. He did not enter college till he was twenty-one. After his graduation he taught school, and edited a secular paper for a time. Then, under the impulse of a renewed religious life, he attended a theological college, and only entered upon his life

work in his thirty-first year. During the remaining forty-three years of his life, his influence continually widened and increased, and few men of his time wielded a more potent pen. But his grandest characteristics are his pure and noble life, his strong affections, and his fervent piety. The book is in the Harpers' handsome style, and has two steel portraits—one of the grave, thought-lined face of middle life, and the other of the thin worn features of old age.

Saxby: A Tale of Old and New England. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "Glaucia," "Ayesha," etc. 12mo, 313 pages, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$1.50.

Walter: A Tale of the Times of Wesley. 12mo, 364 pages. Same author and publishers. Price \$1.50.

The accomplished author of the Church History Series, of which these books form part, has won a very wide circle of readers on both sides of the sea. These later issues, as recording events nearer our own time, will be found, we think, of still greater interest than those which have preceded them. "Saxby" gives a graphic picture of the great struggle between Crown and people in the seventeenth century, out of which the civil and religious liberties of two great nations on both sides of the sea were born. Among the historical persons who move amid its scenes are the stately forms of Hampden, Vane, Milton, and England's uncrowned king, Oliver Cromwell. A vivid picture is given of the manners of the age, with their blended persecution and heroism, and much historic information is imparted.

Of still greater interest to Methodist readers will be the spirit-stirring story of the times of Wesley. We follow the adventures of the young hero who, for conscience' sake, casts in his lot with the despised and persecuted "People called Methodists." We see how a man's foes are often they of his own household; and how,

also, "to patient faith the prize is sure." We get glimpses, too, of such world-famous men as the Wesleys, Whitefield, Fletcher, Asbury, Cowper, Newton, Raikes, Woolman, and Dr. Johnson; and a vivid picture of the social and moral condition of the England of a hundred years ago. We pay these books a high compliment when we say that they are worthy of a place in the Chautauqua course; and the second of them, especially, should be in every Methodist Sunday-school.

Sermons on the Christian Life. By the late Rev. C. W. HAWKINS, B.A. Pp. 290. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

Mr. Hawkins was a very zealous and successful minister of the Methodist Church of Canada. His bereaved wife has collected from his MSS. these sermons, which were so blest to many during his life, and has published them, that he "being dead may continue through them to speak." The Rev. W. J. Maxwell contributes a brief introduction. The sermons are marked by intense earnestness and fervour, and heighten our regret that one who gave promise of such usefulness should be so early summoned from his beloved toil for the Master whom he served.

The American Conflict: a Household Story, narrated in Three Volumes. By MARY S. ROBISON. Pages 273, 291, 194. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$3.00 the set, in case.

"Knowledge of the history of one's country," said Lord Rosebery, the other day, to the students of Aberdeen university, "is not merely an educational advantage, it is a positive duty." It is also the first pre-requisite for a rational patriotism. But for young people the stories of battles and sieges are not the most interesting or profitable reading. Besides, the multiplicity of details encumbers and distracts the mind. The writer of these volumes, therefore, has given a personal narrative interest to her story of the

great American conflict with Secession and Slavery, by following the fortunes of the members of a single family in the field and in the sympathizing home. The principal events of the four long years of the national struggle are given with many illustrative anecdotes and incidents. While especially adapted for American readers, it will be read with interest by young Canadians, and will awaken a better appreciation of the magnitude of that great historic conflict, and of the grandeur of its results to the 4,000,000 slaves whom it emancipated,—a result which must command the sympathy of the world.

Fur-clad Adventurers. By Z. A. MUDGE, author of "Arctic Heroes," "North-pole Voyagers," etc. 342 pages, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$1.25.

This book embodies the substance of several recent volumes of travel in out-of-the-way regions of the Arctic world, and gives an account of travels in skin-canoes, on dog-sledges, on reindeer, and on snowshoes, through Alaska, Kamchatka, and Eastern Siberia. These stirring adventures possess a truth that is stranger than fiction. One of the most interesting of these Arctic records is that of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition, which projected the construction of a telegraph line along the Pacific Coast, from San Francisco to Behring's Straits, and through Siberia. The success of the Atlantic cable caused the abandonment of the scheme after an exploration of 6,000 miles of wilderness, the building of 50 station houses, the preparation of 15,000 telegraph poles, etc., at an expense of \$3,000,000. The well-told account of the perils, adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of these pioneers of science and civilization forms the substance of this volume.

The Dominion Annual Register and Review for 1879. Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN. 8vo. pp. 467. Ottawa: MacLean, Roger & Co.

Mr. Morgan has been long and favourably known for the important

services which he has rendered Canadian literature. The Annual Register which he has projected promises to be of even greater usefulness than any of his previously published volumes. It will prove itself, we judge, indispensable to publicists, editors, members of parliament, and all who take an interest—as what loyal Canadian will not?—in the political, educational and social progress of Canada. The book is admirably arranged for reference. A summary of the political history of the year fills 189 pages. Then follow 70 pages of a journal of remarkable occurrences of the year. Over 40 pages are devoted to a valuable and discriminative review of Current Literature, Science and Art, in which even such unpretending volumes as those of the present writer receive appreciative notice. The Progress of Education, Financial and Commercial Affairs, the Militia of Canada, Promotions and Appointments in the Public Service, Remarkable Trials and Obituaries of Public Persons, are all treated in appropriate sections.

Amy's Probation; or Six Months in a Convent School. By EMMA LESLIE. Pp. 251, illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$1.

This book furnishes a very decided answer to the question, Shall Protestant girls be sent to Roman Catholic schools? It gives an appalling picture of the duplicity and fraud, and cajolery and persecution used in such institutions to make perverts to the Romish faith. The author well says: "The springs of Jesuitism penetrate American society to-day to an extent that would thrill the nation with horror and alarm if they could only be laid bare; but which are working none the less deadly harm in secret—undermining the buttresses of truth and uprightness in the character of the young committed to their care, and drawing many into the idolatrous and apostate Church of Rome." We need this lesson taught us in Canada, for nowhere do these Bastilles of Popery more abound.

M. O. J.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

J. J. ATTACK.

f

1 Ring, ring the bells, the joyful bells, This merry Christmas morn, Their sweet melodious

p *f*

mu - sic tells The day that Christ was born. Sweetly they ring o'er vale and glen, Hark !

loud their mu - sic swells. With "peace on earth good will to men!" O

Chorus.

ff

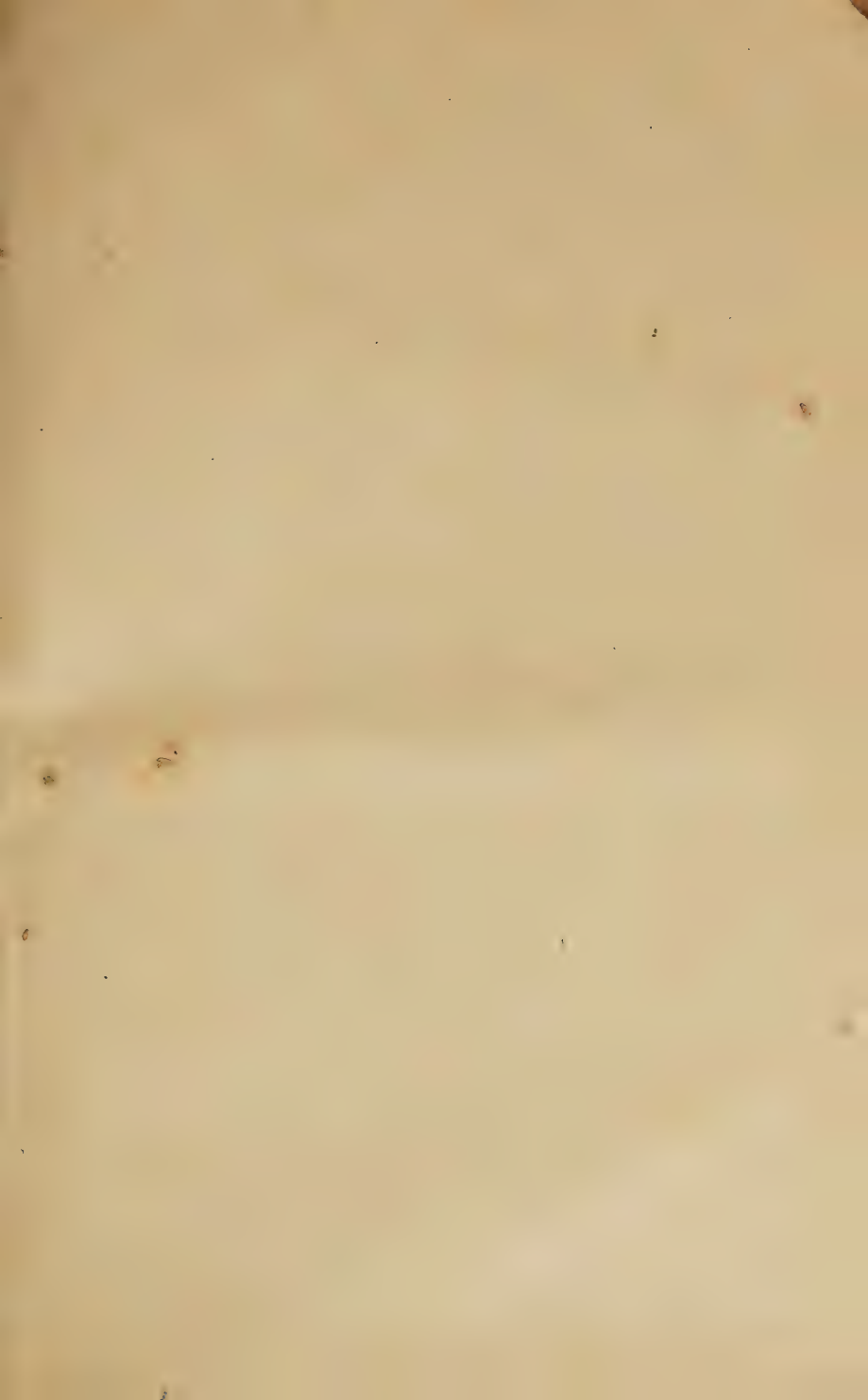
mer - ry Christ - mas bells! Ring, ring the bells, the mer - ry bells, The

bells, the merry, merry Christmas bells, Ring, ring the merry Christ - mas bells!

Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring the merry Christmas bells!

2 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel-song sublime.
The sweet old story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
Refreshing as the early dew,
Or the soft summer rain.—Chorus.

3 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells.
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their music tells
Shall all the nations sway;
Shall bless, and fill, and rule each heart,
Shall bid all sorrow cease,
And give His own the better part
Of everlasting peace.—Chorus.



[illegible]

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